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FREDA L. WALKER
Editor in Chief
Prize Essayist and Reader of Class Will



WALDO H. SHATTUCK
Business Manager
Prize Essayist and Major of High School
Battalion



EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row, from Left:—Gertrude Clement, Cora Boutelle, Daniel Doherty, Fletcher Partridge, Gretchen Van Tassel, Lora Given. Middle Row, from Left:—Leo Hickey, Helen Ford, Freda L. Walker, Kathryn Bailey, Dorothea Cotton, Waldo H. Shattuck. Front Row, from Left:—Ruth Prior, Marion Remington, Marion Chalmers, Mabel Buxton

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The Alpha Omega

Vol. 1

WOBURN, MASS., JUNE, 1912

No. 1

Editor-in-Chief, FRED A. L. WALKER

Associate Editors—Marion Remington, Ruth Prior, Cora Boutelle, Gertrude Clement, Daniel Doherty, Lora Given, Gretchen Van Tassel, J. Leo Hickey, Helen Ford, Kathryn Bailey, Mildred Murray, Dorothea Cotton, Marion Chalmers, Mabel Buxton, Walter Burke, Sarah S. Waterman, Katherine D. Barker.

Business Manager, Waldo H. Shattuck*Asst. Business Manager*, Fletcher W. Partridge

THE NEWS PRINT, WOBURN,



The Alpha Omega extends a hearty greeting to its readers. We take this opportunity to thank those who have contributed to it. As an inexperienced, but enthusiastic and loyal editorial board, we have endeavored to give you a class paper which indicates the various class activities, institutions, and interests. It has not been easy, and the result is not ideal, but we have put honest hard work into this issue. For the loyal support of the paper since its inception, which has been given us by faculty and friends, we are deeply grateful.

The old English play, "The Rivals," by Sheridan, was presented by the class on Feb. 12, 1912. Its unprecedented success, both from a histrionic and financial standpoint, justifies the belief that a play of the high order of "The Rivals" would meet with a favorable reception by a Woburn audience. We felt that it was much more worth while, since one play is all custom decrees we shall present, to stage a work which, after the test of years, makes so

general an appeal to audiences everywhere as the one selected for presentation. The study of such a play was of incalculable value to the members of the class who were in the caste, as well as a source of real enjoyment to the audience gathered to see it. It would be advisable for other classes at least to consider a play of such acknowledged worth as "The Rivals."

The high school has had several school papers, differing in name and contents, but with the same purpose—to create and strengthen school spirit. None have flourished for several reasons. In a school like ours a monthly paper of a degree of excellence which would be a credit to the school, is an impossibility. The necessity for filling up space and getting the paper out on time forces the editors to pad their publication with contributions of a cheaper grade and tone. When the paper's standard is lowered, it will not circulate. Business men will not advertise where they get no returns. So the paper travels the

downward path until soon it ceases to appear. We should have a school paper, and believing that quality, not quantity, counts, we are printing one issue only. We have established a precedent. Let the class of 1913, possessing an abundance of ability and material, carry on the work. Two publications a year, probably four, could easily be brought out. Then why not?

Patronize our advertisers as liberally as they have patronized us.

We extend to Mr. Bean and to Miss Bean our best wishes for a bright and happy future.

It is our hope that Woburnia, which we have been instrumental in founding, will become a fixed institution in school. The organization of civil government classes along lines such as we have adopted is of inestimable value. It is the practical, up-to-date application of memorized facts, which otherwise might now mean nothing to us. If the franchise could be granted to us at once, we could prove our thorough preparation for citizenship. We have each been a cog which set the wheels of government in motion. We have learned the common forms of parliamentary procedure. We have gained the courage of our convictions and the ability to express them. Mentally reviewing the benefits of Woburnia, we wonder why it has not been previously inaugurated.

We are indebted to Miss Frances Parker and Miss Bertha Emery of the Junior Class for their clever designs in this issue.

We are very grateful to Miss Anna H. Burdett, who has been associated with us in her work the past year, for her story, "The Amateur Goes Fishing."

We find no words adequate to express our sense of loss at the death of Gertrude A. Clement, one of the editors of the "Alpha Omega." She was a faithful worker for its success, and was anxiously awaiting its publication. Almost

on the eve of her graduation she died, and our commencement exercises were uispeakably saddened by the thought of the two bright girls we lost from our class. Gertrude was an honor graduate, and her application had been accepted for admission to the Lowell Normal School. The remembrance of her helpfulness, her loyalty to her school and her class, and her lovable disposition make her death leave a void in the ranks of the class which can never be filled.

Applied Quotations

Freda L. Walker

The Paper:

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

—Bible.

The Editors:

"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand."

—Pope.

Rachel Blodgett:

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

—Fielding.

Dorothea Cotton:

"And mistress of herself though China fall."

—Pope.

McAweeney:

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

—Young.

Room 14:

"Order is Heaven's first law."

—Pope.

McCaleb:

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

—Shakespeare.

Partridge:

"Benedict, the married man."

—Shakespeare.

Gretchen Van Tassel:

"Who says in verse what others say in prose."

—Pope.

Marion Chalmers:

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid."

—Tickell.

John Foley:

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

—Pope.

William Scalley:
 "That indolent but agreeable condition of doing
 nothing."

—Pliny the Younger.

Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Andrews:
 "They have a finger in each pie."
 —Cervantes.

Callahan:
 "He possessed a peculiar talent in producing
 effect in whatever he said or did."
 —Tacitus.

Cora Boutelle:
 "Full lasting is the song, though she, the
 singer, passes."
 —Meredith.

Marguerite Forbes:
 "Red as a rose is she."
 —Wordsworth.

Physical Culture Classes:
 "Glance their many twinkling feet."
 —Gray.

The Orange and Black Parties:
 "Much may be said on both sides."
 —Fielding.

Ward:
 "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
 finer than the staple of his argument."
 —Shakespeare.

Marie Wallace and Alice Lux:
 "The endearing elegance of female friendship."
 —Johnson.

Marion Remington:
 "An angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon."
 —Shakespeare.

Carleton Dean:
 "Skilful in each manly sport."
 —Longfellow.

Football:
 "A victory is twice itself when the achiever
 brings home full numbers."
 —Shakespeare.

Evelyn Snow:
 "Yee have many strings to your bowe."
 —Heywood.

Our Friends from Burlington:
 "With bag and baggage."
 —Shakespeare.

John Tenney:
 "I'll warrant him heart-whole."
 —Shakespeare.

The oiled floors:
 "The rankest compound of villainous smell that
 ever offended nostril."
 —Shakespeare.

Mildred Murray:
 "In arguing, too; she owned her skill.
 For, e'en though vanquished, she could argue
 still."
 —Goldsmith.

The Orchestra:
 "Making a nuisance of the blessed air."
 —Holmes.

Speech of Edmund Burke, Esq.:
 "Can we ever have too much of a good thing?"
 —Cervantes.

Mildred Ford:
 "Is she not passing fair?"
 —Shakespeare.

The Glee Club:
 "The hidden soul of harmony."
 —Milton.

1912 In September

Harvard—Robert Johnson, Earl Greenleaf,
 Nathaniel Wilcox, William Sheehan, Waldo
 Shattuck, Hugo Lindmark, John McDonough.

M. I. T.—Walter Fowle, Charles Lyons,
 Carlton Dean, Arthur Carter.

Worcester Polytechnic—Horace Trull.

Wellesley—Rachel Blodgett, Anna Burdett.

Mount Holyoke—Bertha Boutelle.

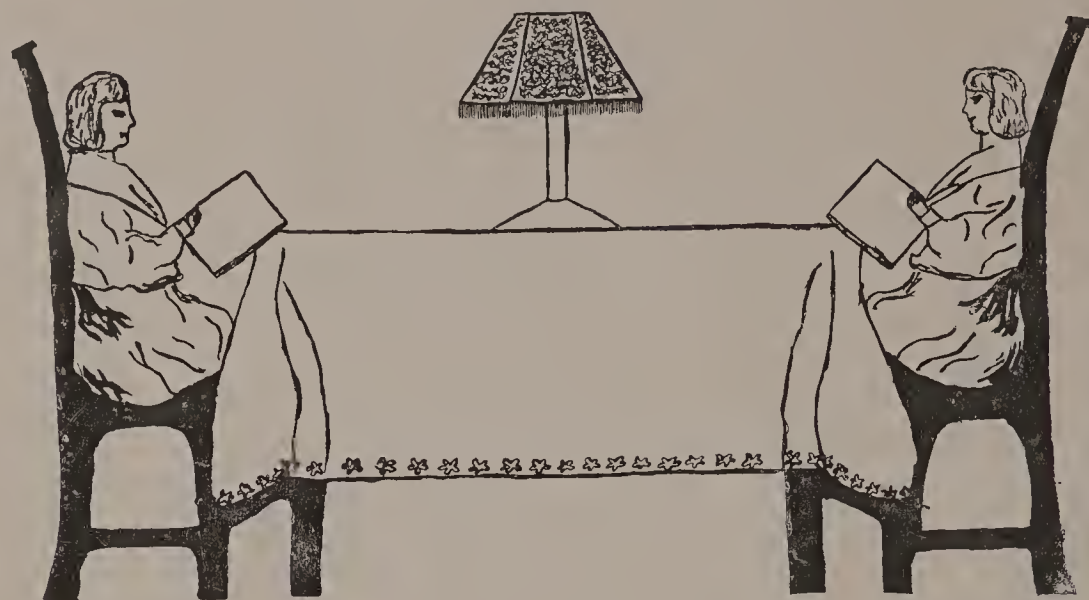
Emerson College of Oratory—Freda Walker.

Jackson—Aileen Hagerty.

Lowell Normal—Mildred Murray, Muriel
 Fetridge, Margaret Kearns, Anna Dearborn,
 Mae Folan, Cora Boutelle, Dorothy Flagg.

Bridgewater Normal — Dorothea Cotton,
 Anna Croughan, Gladys Lowe.

G. Course—Ruth Prior, Marion Hopkinson.



The Amateur Goes Fishing

By Anna H. Burdett

The Amateur is young and at that age when the desire for romance and adventure is the chief factor in her existence. In other respects the Amateur is all that her name implies. She paints a little, draws a little, sews a little, knows enough about housework and cooking to get along comfortably when necessity demands her making use of her knowledge, plays the piano a little, and goes in for outdoor sports a little, but to no great extent. While she is no admirer of the strictly athletic girl, yet the Amateur has always desired to become an adept at many of the outdoor pursuits.

A book of Henry Van Dyke's—the Amateur reads a little—and the sight of sundry enticing mountain streams which looked as if there were hidden adventures in their dark pools and shadowy ripples, convinced her that she wanted to become a fisherwoman. Believing that one learns by doing, she avoided learned treatises on the art of fishing, and proceeded to dig worms and prepare a rod and line. The first attempt was a decided failure, owing to the fact that she started above a reservoir, and did not stop to think that fish swim up from the rivers, not down from the mountains, and could naturally not get beyond such a barrier. Somewhat chagrined, but not in the least daunted,

the Amateur determined to try again at the earliest opportunity, and patiently bided her time. The chance did not present itself until nearly a year later. Then while she was on a short trip to the mountains the fishing season was legally opened, and with one accord the villagers left whatever work they had been doing—or thinking of doing—and invaded the meadows and forests with rods and bait for the hungry fish. The Amateur was greatly excited and wanted to go too, but a parental fear of wet feet and snakes was a serious barrier. In vain the Amateur promised to keep her feet dry, and pleaded a fondness for the sinuous reptile—she had to stay at home.

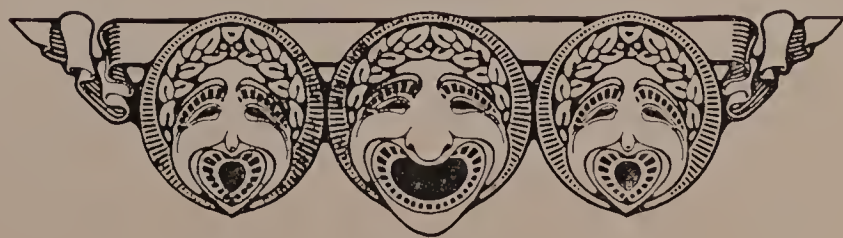
But that night the country minister, who had likewise had to forego the excitements of the first fishing of the season because of a bad cold, found the tales of the successful ones too alluring even for his ecclesiastical strength of mind, and out of sympathy for the downcast Amateur, invited her to go fishing with him the next day. The objections mentioned before were overruled by the fact of the care necessitated by the minister's cold and his ability to kill snakes. The Amateur was overjoyed, and her pleasure was not decreased by the realization that a fishing excursion with a country parson was in itself both adventurous and romantic.

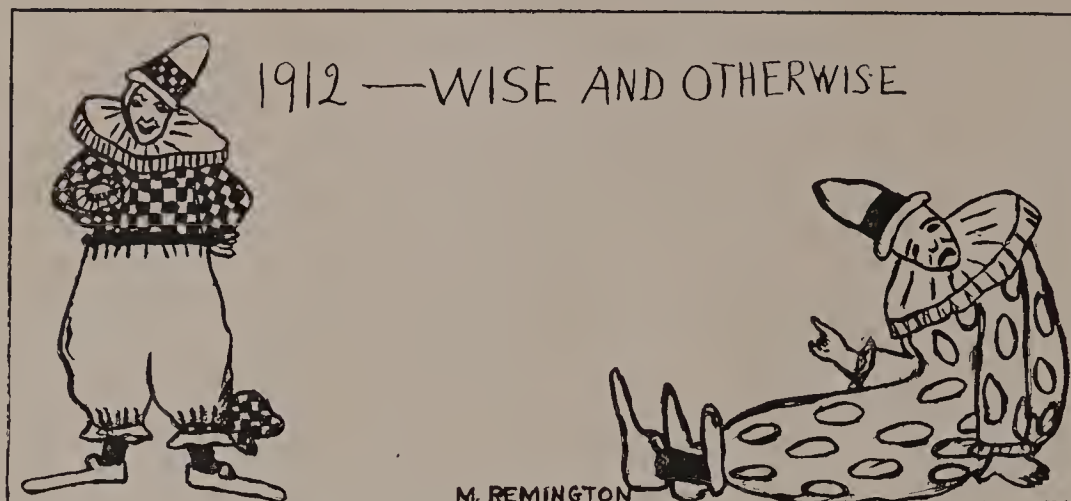
The next morning was windy, and knowing that the brook would be sufficiently ruffled to

hide them from the keen eyes of the speckled trout, the minister and the Amateur set out for the meadow. The Amateur detests putting worms on a hook—they wriggle so, and so very often make twins of themselves, thus making matters twice as bad——; but she was determined that the minister should have no cause to regret taking a girl fishing. So she bravely baited her hook, and cast her line into the water.

The fish were not very hungry that day—perhaps they had had too much to eat the previous one or they may have been nearly fished out—but whatever the reason, it was some time before even the minister got a bite. The Amateur eyed the flopping little creature with envy and determination, and resolved to catch one immediately. But the minutes sped by into hours, and the Amateur followed the winding stream far down into the meadow without catching a fish. Once, indeed, she felt a tug on her line, and snapped it out with a swinging jerk, as she had seen the minister do. There was a splash, a flash of gleaming white, and another splash, as the trout fell back into the water. By the time the minister had caught his sixth fish the Amateur was in despair. The wind had become chilly and searching, she was cold, and her basket was still empty. But she knew what would happen if she went home without a single fish, and determined to have one more try. She borrowed some worms from the minister, and threw her line into a place where the brook widened into a broad pool. Almost at once the line tightened, then whirled through the reel, and the Amateur turned dizzy with excitement and surprise. Inside of two minutes she was looking joyfully at a small trout

that somersaulted in a fascinating way on the end of the line. The Amateur realized that the safest and most merciful thing to do was to put it in the basket, so grasping the rod in one hand and the tail of the fish in the other, she started to run across the meadow to where the minister was fishing. Half-way there she suddenly realized how she would look running up to him and asking him to take her fish off the hook. The picture made her stop short, and with a hurried glance at his back she turned and ran back to where she had met with her first success. There she rather awkwardly disengaged the hook which was firmly fastened in the trout's throat. She cringed at the thought of the suffering her unskilled fingers were creating, and when it came to inserting her fingers in its gills and breaking its neck, she frowned with repugnance and laid the twisting little creature gently in the basket. Then she turned and walked sedately across to the minister, and informed him in a voice which she tried to make matter-of-fact, that she had caught a fish. The minister looked at the shaking basket and smiled. Then he offered his congratulations, after which he transferred his own catch to the Amateur's basket, and suggested that, as it was growing so cold, they had better go home. For the first time the Amateur realized that her teeth were chattering and her fingers were numb, but so elated was she by her success that she was willing to risk anything for the sake of catching another trout. But the minister was quietly firm, and because he was a minister, the Amateur felt that his wishes should be respected; so with one last longing glance at the cold gray water she shouldered her rod and turned towards home.





Wise and Otherwise

Editor, Marion Remington

Miss Prior: "What do you know about the fall of Constantinople?"

Partridge: "I don't know anything about it except that it fell."

Startling things are sometimes heard in Miss Barker's English class. For instance, whoever heard of a mere man "running a hardware store a short way down the street."

Miss Murdock: "How is the verb 'faire' used impersonally?"

Miss Walker (in her usual prompt manner): "Il faut."

Heard in Senior history class: "What is the reason Senator Crane will not run again?"

Doherty: "Defeat"—(der feet).

One of the captains asked Burke how he rectified an alignment. "Oh, an ailment?" said Burke. "Oh, that's a straight line." We pronounce it an ailment now, as Burke is an authority on military matters.

Everybody appreciates the "Cocoa Box Mystery" except McAweeney. We wonder why. We suppose that he doesn't wish to have his terrible past brought to light. We sincerely hope that he has sown his wild oats.

Miss Caldwell: "You may write a description on any subject you wish."

Dean: "May we write a description on the teacher?"

Greenleaf: "I think Master Dean had better write his description on paper."

Miss Hammond: "What effect did the white men have upon the cotton field?"

Dorothy: "You couldn't see them."

In our Freshman year, Miss Waterman asked the English class to write an original verse. Dickinson, we have no doubt, was burning with genius and originality when he wrote his little verse, as follows:

"On a summer's day
In the month of May,
I saw a blue-jay
Cross the way."

Every time Fay runs across the ice it melts under his feet, and every time Weafer goes fishing he catches an eel which looks like six feet of hose with a head on it.

Miss Barker: "Where are your note-books?"

Callahan: "They're absent today, Ma'am."

Miss Nichols: "The donkeys didn't mind the road because they were made of clam-shells." Healthy donkeys they must have been.

Miss Holdridge: "Every 'male man' is eligible to vote. Now we wonder just what sort of a chance does the other kind of man have."

Just an every-day occurrence in English I:
Foley (out loud): "Haw! Haw!"

Miss Barker: "Foley, one demerit."

Foley (bristling up): "What for?"

Miss B.: "That's four demerits and an extra session."

Foley (in astonishment): "What have I done?"

Miss B.: "Another demerit—keep on, Foley, and you'll soon have the required number."

Foley gloomily slouches back in his seat, but in two minutes is smiling as "flippantly" as usual.

McAweeney: "One of the arguments he made to the delegates *seem* to me especially convincing."

Miss Barker: "What, McAweeney?"

"Seem," says McAweeney.

Miss Barker: "Once more, please."

(Warning voice at McAweeney's elbow whispers "seems.")

"Seems," says McAweeney.

"Right," says Miss Barker.

Carter, translating: "Le seigneur etait beau et brilliant." "The senior was handsome and brilliant." Of course, all seniors are.

Say, Jones, where is B-r-o-c-t-o-n?

We notice that our valiant football captain is rapidly becoming quite rotund and chubby, undoubtedly occasioned by the long months of inactivity and neglect of training. We have also noticed that captain's ability to consume college ices and other palate-ticklers is remarkable. We are afraid that any attempt on "Bill's" part to draw his football sweater over his head and shoulders would be perhaps a little difficult. But, anyway, Bill looks so happy and well-fed, it's a shame to make him train at all.

Sheehan: "Nimm nur Platz." "Take your place."

Miss Waterman (correcting him): "Take a seat, or sit down."

And Sheehan in astonishment thinks she means it for him and sits down.

Excerpts from Senior papers:

"By his face he showed he lived in the wilderness of the Article Circle."

"She is willing, but he must ask her father. He goes but he refuses and he offers tea, sugar, blankets and handkerchiefs, but he refuses."

"Lady Macbeth committed suicide by swallowing a lighted candle."

It is rumored that at the beginning of this school year a Freshman asked "Charlie Lyons, 'Is that bust in Room 16 a bust of Bryant?' Whereupon Charlie, with all the seriousness in the world, looking at the splendid face of Longfellow, "What's the matter, Freshie, don't you know James Russell Lowell when you see him?" We wonder if Charlie really knew?

Miss Sellar (in Geometry I): "Master Fowle, are you communicating?"

Master Fowle (in bored tone): "I suppose so"

Jones's apology made to Miss Barker for muttering in angry tones under his breath after the latter had given him some demerits for communication caused no little excitement in English I. Jones couldn't make up his mind whether he was sorry or not, but finally he was sorry, as the prospects of a visit to the principal's office did not especially appeal to him.

Miss Boutelle informs us that her friend has a canoe that can't swim. Of course, she meant to say "sink," but slips of the tongue will happen.

Miss Holdridge (correcting some bad English): "I think the word 'ugly' should be used instead of 'disagreeable.'"

Miss Barker: "I prefer 'disagreeable,' but keep 'ugly' if you want to."

Scalley usually has nothing to say in English, and he says it eloquently.

A visitor on entering Room 11 during English I recitation might ponder at the sight of a Senior wandering "with measured step and slow" around the room. He may soon be assured, however, that 'tis only Callahan passing out papers.

Miss Barker: "Foley, did you knock that pencil off Miss Simonds's desk?"

Foley: "I don't think so; if I did, I did it 'unconscientiously.'"

Editor's Note: "Don't be so funny, Foley. We think you're trying hard to get in the Alpha Omega."

There is a person in French (b) of double personality; at least from Miss Murdock's point of view; sometimes his name is Fitzpatrick, and sometimes Fitzgerald.

Respectively yours,
Mildred Holdridge.

Shattuck, our enthusiastic business manager for the Alpha Omega, cannot forbear counting his money received from that paper in the German class recitation. He finds it much more interesting than German.

Miss Barker: "Burke, how do you pronounce 'g-r-i-m-a-c-e'?"

Burke (without hesitation): "Grimmus."

Miss Barker cannot pronounce the name of a lake situated in Webster, Mass., called Chaggagogg manchaggaggogg chanbunagungamangg, without hesitation. What a deplorable inefficiency in the English department!

Greeno tells us exactly how to make a canoe: "When you put on your canvas be sure to hold your ribs." How were we to grasp that the ribs belonged to the canoe?

Miss Waterman: "McDonough, imperfect subjunctive of ———."

McDonough: "Er—ah—w-what did you say?"

Miss Waterman repeats.

McD.: "Did you say imperfect indicative?"

Miss W.: "No, subjunctive."

McD.: "The imperfect subjunctive?"

Miss W.: "Yes."

McD. (settling back in resignation): "I don't know."

Miss Waterman: "Die Sonne ist aufgegangen—the sun is——."

Shattuck (loudly and without hesitation): "Riz."

The boys in military drill were ordered one day to the brook in the rear of the High School. Captain Johnson gave the command, "Fall in," to which the boys replied, "Wail till we get our bathing togs on, will you?"

Heard in English recitation, after visit of ex-Governor Guild:

Miss Waterman: "What have you noticed about the Governor besides his eloquence? What did you notice about his carriage?"

Pupil: "He had the bearing of a soldier and a military carriage."

Greenleaf: "No, he didn't. He came in an automobile."

Marion Hopkinson reads and translates German with a rapidity that is bewildering to the struggling "Deutsch" student. While we are looking around for the place to begin in translating, she is half-way through, and just as we are beginning to gather our thoughts together sufficiently to follow her, she is sitting down. Whew!

Military Drill

William Sheehan

The first prize drill of the reorganized High School Battalion was held Friday, May 31, in the Armory. The various drills were conducted under the watchful eyes of three militia officers, and their decisions were, without question, correct. The friends and schoolmates of the youthful soldiers filled the balcony, and the small platform in the rear was occupied by several "functionaries." The hall was prettily decorated with bunting and potted plants.

Several valuable prizes were given by well-known citizens. The Thomas Moore Cup, donated by Post No. 161, was a very handsome gold-plated one, about two feet high. The Skinner Cup was donated by James Skinner, "the grand old man of Woburn." A large bronze shield was given by William E. Blodgett, and medals were given by Mr. Hammond, Lieut. Fred C. Kean, and by Representative Parker.

There were four companies, A, B, C, and D, competing for the prizes under the commands of Captains Dickinson, McCaleb, Johnson and Shattuck. A Company drilled first under its captain and made a good showing, considering that "Humps" Wall, its second lieutenant, was absent. The command, "Left front into line," was its Waterloo. B Company was very good, but its step was unmilitary. C Company did its best under Captain Johnson, but D Company took everything. Its members took the prizes simply because they were terrorized by Shattuck and executed a few fancy movements.

The individual prize drill under Captain Johnson was the feature of the day. His command, "Right shoulder 'h'arms," captivated everybody. There were fifty-eight contestants including little "Jack" Quinn. After an hour's drill the number was limited to three: Tracy, Morton, and Walker, and after a short drill these three were also dismissed.

Mr. Clarke of the School Committee addressed the companies which had been formed

in a hollow square. He spoke briefly of the public-spirited citizens who had donated the prizes, and then he announced the winners. D Company won the Thomas Moore Cup, and the Blodgett Shield. Harold J. Tracy won the "Dode" Parker medal for the best drilled man in the battalion, and Dale Morton got the Skinner Cup; but to keep this he must win again next year. John T. Hyde was given the Hammond Medal for the best drilled man in D Company. Harry Kenney won the F. C. Kean medal for the best drilled non-commissioned officer.

Next year when the members have uniforms the prize drill will be more picturesque, and inspired by the drill of this year the battalion should be the best in the State. Major Portal was praised for the efficient manner in which the battalion was drilled, and the four captains were congratulated on the skilful way their companies were drilled.

How Company D Won

By W. H. Shattuck

One of the chief reasons why a company is a "winner" from a military standpoint, is its discipline. No company can win without a strict code of disciplinary rules; that is, when schoolboys form a company they must lay aside all feelings of familiarity with their officers or with each other, and make their organization as efficient as possible. It must be an admitted law that they place themselves under the command of the captain, under the guidance of the junior officers, and obey without parley the orders given out by them. In the matter of discipline I feel that Company D surpassed all other companies. In the field, the boys put forward their best efforts to form a prize company; they obeyed strictly the orders of the captain; they refrained from any unmilitary hilarity; and they pulled together to achieve the end sought. In this way a military machine was constructed that few school companies could equal.

Their movements in the prize drill could not be criticised. The only criticism that could fall upon Company D must fall upon its captain, who several times did not allow enough distance for movements, an unpardonable indiscretion. This fault, however, does not detract from the general quality of the company, which executed all its leader's orders with military precision and intelligence.

In order to win in a prize drill the men in a company must bear in mind that every opportunity to perfect themselves on drill days must be grasped, for no company can waste its time and expect to appear like a Napoleonic guard at the prize drill.

Waldo H. Shattuck,
Captain Co. D.

Why D Company Was Victorious

There are several reasons for the victory that Captain Shattuck and his men won. In the first place, D Company had the best captain in the whole battalion. This was shown by the fact that their captain was recently appointed to the rank of Major, a rank which all the other captains were aspirants for. Their captain was able to instruct them in all the formations of the drill regulations. He was a disciplinarian. What he said was law, and his men obeyed it to the letter. He had the respect of all his officers and men.

They worked together. Each officer and man did his duty without the least objection. One was trying to help out the other. The result was that Captain Shattuck had a machine, and one that stood the test. Every man took the matter seriously. When the other companies were fooling away the time, they were working.

They were soldiers. Each man, from private to captain, was properly drilled. They marched in straight lines, kept perfect step, carried their guns properly, kept their eyes straight to the front, obeyed their orders, and fought the battle for all they were worth. After the last gun was fired, and when the

smoke had cleared away, Captain Shattuck and D Company were the victors of the day.

LEON R. FAY,
Private, Co. B.

Physical Culture

For the past four or five years there has been no form of physical culture for the girls of the Woburn High School. The girls, nevertheless, have been interested and desirous of having exercises. This important subject was brought up at a school committee meeting, and after some consideration, it was decided that at last the girls should have what they had so long wished for. Were they glad? Well, I guess they were. Miss Charlotte Lowell, the instructor, had them assemble in the hall a number of times, and they discussed the suits they were to wear. The laughing and screaming was so great that Miss Lowell could hardly make herself heard. The first lesson was the first Wednesday after the April vacation. It was one never to be forgotten. One girl was overheard to say: "Oh, but I feel so funny in this rig!" After a few lessons the girls became accustomed to their costumes and the weekly lessons.

It is expected that this course will be continued, and wands are going to be used. We hope that in the end the Woburn High School will have a fine gymnasium. There is no doubt that it will be greatly appreciated.

Gretchen Van Tassel.

Echoes from 1910 and 1911

Thomas McGowan, '10, is studying at Harvard.

Stephen Bean, '10, Norman Duncan, '10, and Dana Hubbard, '10, are at Brown.

Ethel Frizzell, '11, is at Mt. Holyoke.

Avis Sherburne, '10, is at Boston University.

Social.



J. Sweetser '12

Freshman Year

Presentation of State Flag.

One of the most memorable occasions of our Freshman year was the presentation of the State flag to the High School by Governor Curtis Guild on December 1, 1908. The exercises were held in the school Assembly Hall, consisting of singing, the presentation of the flag, and a very eloquent address by the Governor. We shall always be proud of the fact that the Woburn High School was the first school in the State to receive the flag and that our Ambassador to Russia delivered the oration.

Another occasion to be noted is the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice," which was given in the school hall by a few members of our English class. The parts were well taken, with much credit to the Class of 1912.

Sophomore Year

Glee Club Concert.

The conspicuous event in the Sophomore year was the Glee Club concert, in which a few members of our class took part.

Junior Year

The entire Class of 1912 spent a delightful evening with Hon. William E. Blodgett at his home on October 13, 1910, in celebration of the birthday of his daughter, our class president. We were received in his usual cordial manner and royally entertained by games and dancing.

During the evening refreshments were served, and we departed at a late hour, declaring Mr. Blodgett the best of hosts.

Darrach Recitals.

The English teachers obtained the services of Mr. Darrach for three evenings, who presented the "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Twelfth Night," to a most appreciative audience.

Glee Club Concert.

Another concert was given in the school hall, several of our class assisting as members of the Glee Club.

Senior Year

The most memorable year of all!

Class Dance.

Our first elaborate entertainment of the year was the class dancing party, given November 24, 1911, in the school hall. It was most successful and most enjoyable.

Senior Play.

The greatest success of the year, by the famous Class of 1912, was the Senior play, "The Rivals," presented in Lyceum Hall, on February 12, 1912. The characters were taken as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Waldo H. Shattuck
Capt. Jack Absolute.....	Clifton McCaleb
Faulkland	Robert Johnson
Bob Acres	Charles E. Lyons
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	John F. Foley
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Mildred Holdridge
Lydia Languish.....	Marguerite Forbes

Julia Mildred Ford
 Lucy V. Evelyn Snow

The other parts were taken by Arthur A. Carter, William J. Callahan, and Leon R. Fay.

The play was much enlivened by Mrs. Malaprop's attempted use of high-sounding expressions and by the eccentricities of Sir Anthony Absolute. It was a remarkable success for the Senior Class, showing that the pupils are equal to presenting a classic play as well as a modern one. A great triumph was scored. Special credit is due to Mr. Carroll for his work in arranging the play and to the members of our class who became such interesting eighteenth-century characters.

Graduation.

Graduation exercises were held in Lyceum Hall on the evening of June 26. The valedictory was given by Miss Rachel Blodgett and the salutatory by Miss Mildred Ford in a manner which reflected credit on the entire Class of 1912. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Murlin, the president of Boston University.

Farewell, dear classmates! But not forever!

Reception.

The Senior reception was held on the evening of June 28 in Lyceum Hall. The class was entertained by the review of their four years given by Mr. Robert Johnson. We then had a glimpse into the future, conducted by the seers, Miss Anna Croughan and Mr. Daniel Doherty. The Class Will, by Miss Freda L. Walker, was an innovation in our commencement exercises. Dancing was then enjoyed until a late hour.

May we participate in many happy reunions!

It has also been a matter of pride to us that at all celebrations of patriotic days held in our High School, some member of the Class of 1912 has taken part in the exercises. On these various occasions we have listened to Representative Fred F. Walker, Hon. George F. Bean, Senator Charles H. Brown, Mr. Kenney, city editor of the Globe, and Mr. Morgan, the author of a book on the life of Lincoln.

In behalf of the Senior Class, William J. Callahan presented Raphael's "Sistine Madon-

na" to the school through Mr. Low at the class reception, June 28. The picture is sacred to the memory of Marguerite Cotton and Gertrude Clement, and is to be hung in room 16, the room last occupied by the two girls.

Remarks at a Ball Game

A short time ago I attended one of the Harvard baseball games at Cambridge, and while sitting on the bleachers I overheard some remarks that were very amusing to me. The first was spoken by a small boy who was sitting by his mother's side, watching the players with a beaming face. Suddenly the little chap piped up, "Mamma, what's a baseball coach?" After a moment's hesitation, the mother replied, "It must be another name for an ambulance, my son."

The second remark was spoken by a young lady who evidently knew very little about baseball and to whom the young man, who sat by her side, was vainly striving to explain the game. Suddenly the young lady exclaimed, "I just know the umpire's cheating, John."

"How?" was John's reply.

"Why, that's three times he's called out 'strike,' and I'm positive the man never hit the ball at all."

Ruth T. Prior, W. H. S., '12.

James Marrinan, the hero of 1911, is at Carnegie Institute, Pennsylvania.

Leonard Marion, '11, Frank Murphy, '11, Roy Brown, '11, and Eugene Place, '10, are at the Institute of Technology.

Agnes Proudfoot, valedictorian of 1911, is at Simmons.

May E. Wheeler, '10, has married Robert Patterson of North Woburn.

Harry Lindmark, Walter Fowle, and Horace Trull, all of the class 1911, are taking graduate courses at the high school.

Wreck of Titanic

I. The Beginning of the Voyage.

Everyone on the ship was cheerful and gay,
And nobody thought of danger that day.
While up from the deck rose a gladsome shout,
As the people joyfully cried, "We're out."
Some hardly looked at the fading land,
They were going home to their motherland;
While others gazed long at the land they were leaving,
And thought of friends at home that were grieving,
Wives, mothers, and sweethearts left at home,
while they in a foreign land would roam,
To seek their fortunes and then return,
To the waiting friends who would watch and yearn,
And think of their friend who is far away,
And dream of his coming day by day.

II. The Wreck.

Each one on the ship had sunk in repose,
To dream where he'd be when the sun arose.
And the good ship steamed through the blackness of night.
The sea was safe; so **she needed** no light;
But the ship struck something upon the deep,
The shock woke everyone from his sleep;
They ran on deck with a fearful clatter,
Each one was asking what was the matter,
But soon they saw that the trip was done,
And the end of life's voyage for some had come;
For the life-boats only could hold a few.
The rest must stay and die with the crew.
"The boats for the women and children," they cry.

III. Last Moments on the Ship.

Of all the people left there to die,
From no one was heard a despairing cry;
But each knelt on the deck in the cold, gray night,
And in their eyes was a heavenly light;
And to the Almighty they uttered a prayer,
To pity the souls of those left there,
And to spare the lives of the other folks
Whose one hope of safety lay in the boats.
And there was no one there who failed,
There was no coward there who quailed,
But they thought of God and His judgment power,
And prayed to Him in their last sad hour.
And the funeral notes that rang o'er the sea
Was the holy hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee."

IV. A Prayer of the World.

Oh! God! they did their duty well,
Thou knowest; so we need not tell;
Thou knowest how they died to save,
Others from a watery grave.
So when Thou shalt come with almighty power,
To judge the world in Thy judgment hour,
Let mercy then be Thy gentle sway,
And remember the prayers of the world to-day;
And though they are slumbering 'neath the waves,
And though their bodies are not in earthly graves,
The prayers of millions from earth arise,
To the arched dome of the vaulted skies,
While over their bodies the deep sea rolls;
O God have mercy on their souls.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, 1912.

CLASS OFFICERS



RACHEL BLODGETT, President

MARION CHALMERS, Secretary

RUTH PRIOR, Treasurer

JOSEPH LEO HICKEY, Vice-President

Applied Quotations

Compiled by Freda L. Walker

Burke:

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
—Shakespeare.

Ruth Prior:

"Thus ornament is but a guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea."
—Shakespeare.

Dickinson:

"Strode with martial air the captain."
—Longfellow.

Dorothy Flagg:

"The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne."
—Spenser.

Mildred Holdridge:

"As merry as the day is long."
—Shakespeare.

Jones:

"Let the world slide, I'll not budge an inch."
—Shakespeare.

Ethel Tabor and Martha Stratton:

"Small, but a work divine."
—Wordsworth.

J. J. McDonough:

Exhausting thought,
And living wisdom with each studious year."
—Byron.

Mayor Doherty:

"Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honored of all men."
—Longfellow.

The Battalion:

"Anon they move
In perfect phalanx."
—Milton.

8-12 to 8-15:

"No season now for calm, familiar talk!"
—Pope.

Brackëtt:

"He finds a welcome back among his friends."
—Johnson.

Anna Dearborn:

Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
—Bible.

Margaret Kearns and Muriel Fetridge:

"Hark! they whisper!"
—Pope.

The Faculty:

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."
—Thomson.

Robert Johnson:

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but
organically I am incapable of a tune."
—Lamb.

The recess bread-line:

"Hungry as the sea, and can digest as much."
—Shakespeare.

Gladys Dockham:

"A still, small voice."
—Bible.

Graduation:

"This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless
seas,

The past, the future—two eternities."

Other Classes:

"Our (more or less) illustrious predecessors."
—Fielding.

Class of 1912:

"The real Simon Pure."
—Susannah Centlivre.





NAME.	HOBBY.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	AMBITION.	WHAT WE THINK.
Kathryn L. Bailey.....	Studying	Never had one	Teacher of French	She's all right
Hester A. Baker.....	Rowing	Heavens!	Left for fate to decide	We can't think. We are amazed
William A. Ball.....	Chairman	Believe me!	Wholesale Grocer	He'll make a good one
Rachel Blodgett.....	Studying	? ? ?	Teacher	She'd make a good one
Bertha J. Boutelle.....	Washing dishes	Anything at all	To teach the young idea how to shoot	She'll be successful
Cora M. Boutelle.....	Singing	School teacher	Nice girl
Philip L. Brackett.....	Talking palmistry in the moonlight	Lots of them	To be Principal of High School	He's irresistible
Mildred I. Buckman.....	Looking pleasant	Jigger	If she knows she won't tell us	She's a splendid giggler
Walter E. Burke.....	Elections	Depends on occasion	Mayor	He will be mayor if he keeps on
Mabel R. Buxton.....	Rooting at Ball Games	For you to find out	None	Why, Mabel, None?
Katherine G. Cahill.....	Having good time	Gee!	Dressmaker	Light hearted
William J. Callahan.....	Teasing	Fine! Fine!	Shoe Dealer	Horribly humorous
Arthur A. Carter.....	Est ce que	Not by a jugful!	Civil Engineer	Make a better minister
Marion Chalmers.....	Dancing	Je ne sais pas	Trained Nurse	Dainty
S. Marion Cooke.....	Canoeing	Ask Billie	Nobody knows	Always laughing
Dorothea H. Cotton.....	Embroidering	None	Bachelor Maid	Good as she can be
Mary T. Coughlin.....	Wearing flowers	Too numerous to mention	Undecided	Always happy
Anna Croughan.....	Cats	Oh, Joy!	Latin teacher	A dear
Carlton M. Dean.....	Running in races	Too many to mention	Soldier	Fine one
Anna I. Dearborn.....	Walking	Heavens!	To be thin	Pretty nice as she is
Wilbur H. Dickinson.....	Teasing	Slow, but sure!	Electrical Engineer	Good ad for his dad's meat
Gladys A. Dockham.....	Ball games	"O, please"	Nurse	Quiet and harmless
Daniel J. Doherty.....	Bossing the job	How funny!	Mayor of Woburn	Some speechmaker
Margaret M. Doherty.....	History	Gosh!	To look on the sunny side of life	She'd make a great philosopher
Mary Donahue.....	Reading (What? we wonder)	You bet!	Country school teacher	Extremely studious
Cornelius Donovan.....	Long strolls	Chess	Electrician	He's too bashful
Leon R. Fay.....	Aviation	Go as far as you like, the sky's the limit	To visit the moon	He's a high flyer
Muriel E. Fetridge.....	Talking	Oh, Glory!	Teacher	She's our champion whisperer
George W. Finn.....	Blushing	Hasn't any	Caretaker of churchyard	Too quiet
Leo Finnegan.....	Sleeping in English	Quit yer kiddin!	To typewrite for Major Portal	He's a "circus" in English
Lois A. Fiske.....	Canoeing	My!	Proof-reader	She can talk fast
Edward Fitzpatrick.....	Athletics	Undertaker	Great artist
Dorothy G. Flagg.....	Smiling	Goodness!	A minister's wife	Lucky minister
Mae E. Folan.....	Selling ice-cream	For the love o' Mike	Singer
John J. Foley.....	Demerits	Hello, Mildred	Farmer	He'd do better in theatricals
Marguerite H. Forbes.....	Selling sandwiches	O, that delicate scene	Head waitress	Lots
Helen F. Ford.....	Being good	My kingdom!	Private secretary	It's wonderful how she keeps so quiet
Mildred W. Ford.....	Making brilliant recitations in history	Isn't Sir Lucius a dear?	Riding bucking bronchos in Texas	Rather bright
Lora S. Given.....	Walking, where?	Great Caesar's ghost	Mormon	Rather shy (?)
Earl A. Greenleaf.....	Races	Whoops, my dear	Rah Rah Boy	He'll make 'em sit up at Cambridge
Emmason Greeno.....	Making canoes	Doesn't use slang	Public speaker	He's wonderfully wise
J. Leo Hickey.....	Superfluities	I got you, Steve!	Deacon in a country Church	He'd better not be a minister
Delia J. Hogan.....	Art Museum	Mercy!	Public Reader	We don't know
Mildred E. Holdridge.....	Starting things	Slabbery!	Hasn't any	O! so shy (?)
Marion E. Hopkinson.....	Singing	Gee!	Housekeeper	Diana hunting for "partridges"
Annie L. James.....	She says its "dancing"	Good night!	Dance thro life	She's "bank" up charming (?)
Robert Johnson.....	Joy riding	Goodness gracious	Lawyer	Great fun
William F. Jones.....	Walking eastward	Better left unsaid	To live in East Woburn	He's rather reckless
Margaret E. Kearns.....	Sewing	Gracious!	German teacher	Takes a dandy picture
Fannie Lapuck.....	Typewriting	Do you know your lesson?	Renowned violinist	A "shark" in everything
Alice A. Lux.....	Caring for the interests of E. Woburn	Nit!	Vocalist	Agreeable
Charles E. Lyons.....	Chewing the rag	Oh, hang it!	Engineer	Make a fine orator
Helen R. McAvoy.....	Silence when called upon	Nothing	Never had any	Quiet, but oh, my!
James J. McAweeney.....	Dreaming in class	Cheese it, kid, here comes me sister	"A" in English	He's a good kid
Clifton C. McCaleb.....	Mumps	Cut it!	Chauffeur	Lion among ladies
Anastasia G. McDonald.....	Being absent	She sticks to plain English	She is not fully decided	Pat and good-natured
Edward J. McDonough.....	Running errands	Go easy!	Farmer	Easy-going
John J. McDonough.....	Passing time away	I—er—I didn't get as far as that	Comedian
Barbara E. McManus.....	Studying nature	You don't mean it!	Court stenographer	Modest maiden
Bertha E. Manning.....	Walking	Get out!	Stenographer	So shy, oh, my!
Margaret M. Martin.....	Parallel reading	That's easy	To write a book	She'd pass in a crowd
Einer A. Matson.....	Master of ceremonies	Oh, my!	Judge	He deserves the "40"
Mabel F. Murray.....	Making fudge	I should say so	Mountain climber	She's mighty pleasant
Mildred A. Murray.....	Debating	For heaven's sakes!	Teacher	She should go on the stump
Alice R. Nichols.....	Catching donkeys	Stung!	Pianist	How jolly she is
Fletcher Partridge.....	Introducing speakers	Not printable	Chauffeur
Ruth T. Prior.....	Flirting	Do you love me?	Gym. teacher	Oh, how cute
Marian Remington.....	Writing poetry	Pretty kippy, eh!	Europe	Don't blame him a bit
Fred T. Roche.....	Lesson books	E—E—yah!	Baseball player	Straight-forward rogue
Evelyn S. Roulo.....	Oral compositions	Good heavens!	Head saleslady	Studious
Philip J. Scally.....	Constable	I declare polls open	Train Engineer	Wonder why he blushes so
William J. Scalley.....	His lessons	Er—er	Something easy	Billy's all right
Agnes G. Scanlan.....	Horseback riding	Oh, dear!	Champion swimmer	She might be worse
Waldo H. Shattuck.....	Soliciting ads	Oh, good night	To pay for Alpha Omega	A "shark"
William F. Sheehan.....	Wireless telegraphy	Maybe so!	Chemist	A fascinator
Eudora W. Simmonds.....	Camping	Oh, thunder!	Librarian	We'd like to go camping with Dora
Evelyn V. Snow.....	Dancing	Oh, dear me!	Time will tell	Father Time better be careful what he tells
Helen Stockholm.....	Banging the ivories	Beneath her dignity to use it	Artist	Shy and unassuming
Martha M. Stratton.....	Reading Dickens	I think—	Bookkeeper	Mighty little
Josephine H. Sweetser.....	Mandolin	Oh, piffle!	Artist	See Josephine's drawing in this issue. Classy!
Fthel G. Tabor.....	Grinning	Little fishes' tails	2nd Padereweski	Cute
John E. Tenney.....	Napping	Not printable	Weston, 2nd	Mouselike
Gretchen Van Tassel.....	Jingles	Gee whiz!	Physical Instructor	Full of it
Freda L. Walker.....	Conversation	"Wan't contracted from wasn't	Elocutionist	Webster unabridged and the Century are merged in Freda
Marie E. Wallace.....	Millinery	Stop! Stop!	Modiste	Socially inclined
Everett F. Ward.....	Operas	Goodness!	Caruso, 2nd	Interesting talker
William H. Weaver.....	Fish stories	Fisherman	He's better at catching eels
Nathaniel Wilcox.....	Blushing	Gracious, I can't do that!	Ask a fortune teller	Football champion

Woburnia

The American History Class of 1912 organized a city government during the study of American Government. The class was divided into two parties: the Orange and the Black. The Orange Party stood for the Mayor and Charter form of government and the municipal ownership of public utilities. The Black Party stood for the Commission form of government and private ownership of public utilities. The city, called Woburnia, was divided into two wards, A and B. The citizens were registered and assessed on or before December 6, 1911, by the city registrars and assessors. Committees were appointed in each ward to have charge of the campaign on forms of government. Fifteen-minute rallies were held at the beginning of the history recitation periods. At the rallies members of each party spoke, giving the merits of their respective party platforms. When the party preference was given, it was found that the class was almost evenly divided in this respect.

Before the Christmas vacation, candidates were rushing to get ten signatures for their nomination papers. As equal suffrage is allowed in our ideal city, the girls were not barred from holding any office. It was quite a problem with all to decide for what office to run. Rallies were held where speeches were given by the various office-seekers. There was a great deal of good-natured competition between the two candidates for mayor who struggled hard for the position. The Joint Primary was held January 12, when the nominees were endorsed by their parties. Then there were exciting times until January 26, which was the date for the election. The bookroom was fitted up as a wardroom, where the policemen and other election officers were on duty. The booths, at which we marked our ballots were made by putting up pasteboard partitions. The city officials of Woburn kindly loaned the School City a ballot-box and a counting machine, which helped to make the election more realistic. There were only a

few more members in one party than in the other, which made the competition keen. In many cases the winner gained by a very small majority. Mayor Daniel Doherty polled 39 votes, only 8 votes more than his opponent, Walter Burke. The result of the election was as follows:—

Aldermen-At-Large

Anna Dearborn	William Jones
Leo Finnegan	Fletcher Partridge
Lois Fiske	Marion Remington
Helen Stockholm	

Board of Public Works

May Folan	Fred Roche
Mildred Murray	John Tenney

Ward Aldermen

A	
Mary Coughlin	Alice Nichols
Helen McAvoy	William Weafer
B	
Cornelius Donovan	Evelyn Roulo
Alice Lux	Marie Wallace

School Committee

William Ball	Mary Donahue
Catherine Cahill	George Finn
Helen Ford	Mildred Ford
Mabel Murray	Margaret Kearns
Leo Hickey	

On the evening of March 14, 1912, the first inaugural exercises of the City of Woburnia were held in the school hall. The meeting of the citizens and the public was called to order by the Acting City Clerk, Clifton McCaleb. After announcing the results of the election of January 26, he administered the oath of office to the Mayor, Daniel Doherty, and to the Board of Aldermen. Devotional exercises, with Mr. George W. Low as chaplain, were held. The Mayor then gave his inaugural address. The visitors, and even the citizens, were surprised at the great oratorical power shown in the address. The financial standing

of the City of Woburnia and the plans for improvement were of great interest to the citizens. After the inaugural address the City Council proceeded to organize. William Jones was elected president of the body with a majority of one vote over the other candidate, Fletcher Partridge. The election of a City Clerk was next in order. Walter Burke was declared the choice over Gretchen Van Tassel. Walter Burke was then sworn in by Clifton McCaleb, who gave over his duties to the new City Clerk. After a few minor orders, the Council adjourned.

The Board of Public Works was called to order by Mayor Doherty. After electing a secretary and assigning the departments to the special commissioners, the meeting adjourned.

The School Committee was then called to order by Mayor Doherty. Miss Mildred Ford was elected Secretary pro tem. William Ball was elected Chairman, defeating Leo Hickey. Further organization was postponed until March 15 at 8.30 A. M.

The History Class of Charlestown High School was a guest at this class event. Miss Lotta A. Clark, the History Teacher, spoke eloquently and wished Woburnia and her citizens the best of success. The citizens were glad to hear from two of the students of Miss Clark's class.

Miss Hammond was called to the stage and amidst much applause, Mayor Doherty, in behalf of the citizens of Woburnia, presented her with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses. Thus in a very mild way, the citizens expressed their thanks and appreciation of Miss Hammond's efforts to make better citizens of the pupils in the Senior History Class of 1912.

A few days after the inaugural the Mayor announced his appointments. The result of the balloting was:—

City Physician

Marguerite Forbes

Harlow Library Trustees

Hester Baker

Dorothy Flagg

Evelyn Snow

City Messenger

Einar Watson

City Solicitor

Freda Walker

Assessors

Wilbur Dickinson (Chairman)

Mildred Buckman

Gladys Lowe (Secretary)

Board of Health

Josephine Sweetser

Clifton McCaleb

Anastasia McDonald

Overseers of Poor

Gretchen Van Tassel (Chairman)

Philip Brackett

Annie James (Secretary)

Sinking Fund Commissioners

Fannie Lapuck

Mildred Holdridge

Dorothea Cotton

Cemetery Commissioners

Christian Sorenson

Barbara McManus

Agnes Scanlon

Gertrude Clement

Gladys Stockholm

Pound Keeper

Edward McDonough

Keeper of Lockup

James McAweeney

Measurers of Upper Leather

Cora Boutelle

Bertha Manning

Martha Stratton

Weighers of Coal and Grain

Margaret Martin

Delia Hogan

Wood and Bark Measurers

Dora Simonds

Muriel Fetridge

Margaret Doherty

Public Weigher

Emerson Greeno

Constable

Philip Scalley

Chief of Police

John Foley (Civil Service Open)

After the approval of these appointments by the City Council, each official wrote a statement of his duties and filed it with Miss Hammond. On March 15 the School Committee met and completed their organization.

On April 30, a meeting was called to express a preference for the office of the President of the United States. The result of the balloting was:—

President

Woodrow Wilson	3
Theodore Roosevelt	13
Champ Clark	34
William Taft	19

The last work in Woburnia for this year was finished by the assessing of the Juniors. Before and on May 15, the Senior assessors, with the help of the Justice of the Peace, were very busy assessing the coming citizens of Woburnia. Regular assessment papers were used. A great deal of merriment was occasioned in the making out of these papers, by the Juniors' assumption that they were landed proprietors, widows, millionaires, farmers, ranch owners, or modest owners of private homes.

Woburnia has been a source of great pleasure and benefit to us. We can find no words adequate to express to Miss Hammond our realization of her work and care. She has founded a city which is our pride, and we feel that there is nowhere a school with a history teacher the equal of ours. The settlers of Woburnia leave her reluctantly, but with the assurance that they are her loyal and admiring friends for all time.

On every hand we have met courtesy and interest among the people of Woburn and among other cities. The public officials, past and present, have been of great service to the officials in Woburnia. We thank them most heartily for their co-operation with us.

The Woburn Woman's Club generously offered two prizes for the best essay on the Commission Form of Government. This manifestation of their interest in us was very gratifying. On April 6, the judges, Mr. George I. Clapp, Mr. Wm. F. Davis, and Mrs. Frances K. Harlow, announced their decision. Freda L. Walker was awarded the first prize of five dollars in gold, and Waldo H. Shattuck the second, \$2.50, also in gold.

CORA BOUTELLE.

MILDRED MURRAY.

DOROTHEA COTTON.

Imaginary Scene from Macbeth

Supposed to have taken place between the murderers after murder of Banquo

M. Remington

Scene V—The Heath.

Enter Second Murderer. (Paces up and down.)

Second Murderer:

The night is dark;
Chill blows the wind across this gloomy wild.
The heavens will send down rain, methinks,
Ere dawns the morrow.
Ha! one good blow at least, this night, we've struck

To satisfy the blood-thirsty Macbeth.
Too bad, too bad! the other did escape—
Hark! Speak, I say, oh thou, whoe're thou art
That comes this way at such a pace.

Enter First Murderer:**First Murderer:**

'Tis only I, my good partner, come direct from
our Lord's banquet,
Whence I did report with what success we met
In our bold enterprise.

Second Murderer:

But what said he when told that Fleance
'scaped
And we could n'er o'ertake him
So mad a flight he took?

First Murderer:

Ah! there, I near did tremble to my shoe-
leather

To tell him of our failure on that score; and
 yet,
 Amazing calm he listened, and grew perhaps
 more pale,
 But quickly proffered thanks in plenty
 And dismissed me.

Second Murderer:

Thank God for that. I, too, most feared
 His anger at the botchy affair. But where's
 Our worthy kinsman whom Macbeth did bid to
 join us?

I should much like to know his name and
 whereabouts.

First Murderer:

He surely was not stranger in these parts,
 For well he knew the grounds about the palace.
 Why! now, I think on it, I swear
 We'll never see him more with mask disguis'd,
 But, mayhap, even in jaunty sack,
 Striding in state about Forres Palace.

Second Murderer:

What! you cannot, you do not mean the Lord,
 himself.

Why, he lacks the courage of a lad—
 You cannot mean Macbeth.

First Murderer:

Even that; in fact, the more
 I recollect, the more I can again picture
 His shaking mouth, reflected by Banquo's torch
 Ere it so unfortunately was struck out.

Second Murderer:

This course of matters, truly,
 Breeds fruit for wonders.
 But stood we here no longer. For thunder
 Is already growling overhead, and a drop of
 rain
 Just fell upon my brow.

First Murderer:

Thou speakest rightly; why stand we
 Brooding upon this mite of a deed?
 If all our work did cause such small sensation,
 We soon should have to change our occupation.

(Exeunt both.)

Macbeth gave a banquet to his lords,
 And they all sat down at his festive boards.
 While sitting among them Macbeth saw a
 ghost,
 And although to them he was the host

He could not help being afraid,
 As in came the ghost, familiarly arrayed,
 And sat by his side just like a guest,
 Although he did it at his own request.
 This ghost was of Banquo, who had been killed
 By three murderers, sent by Macbeth, greatly
 skilled;

But instead of killing the father and son,
 They killed but Banquo, for Fleance did run.
 These things, as they came across Macbeth's
 mind,

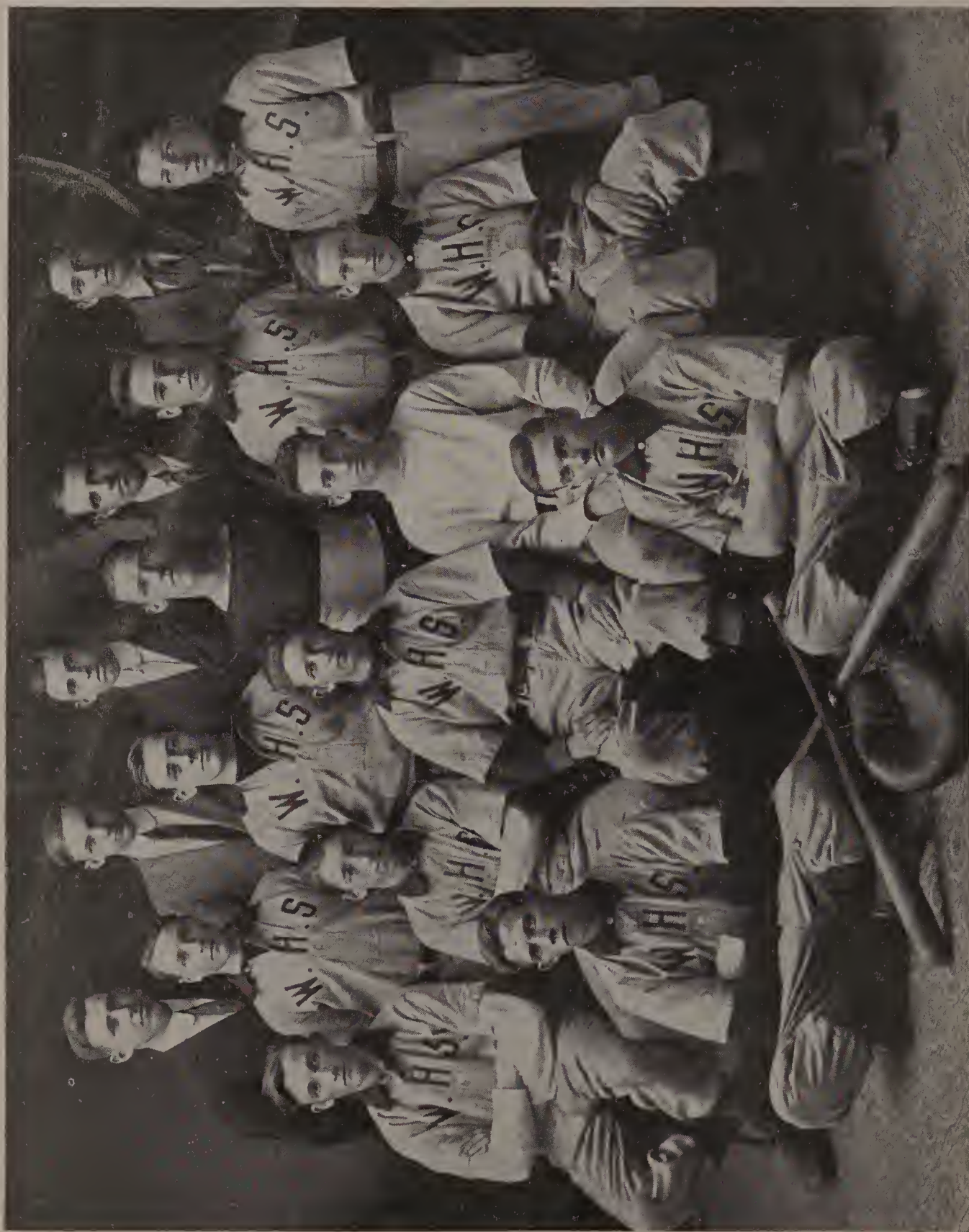
Made him to his guests appear rather blind.
 His wife, a noble woman she,
 Could by the faces of the people see
 That they thought that something was the
 trouble,
 If Macbeth, as he seemed, could see things
 double.

The wife told them Macbeth was sick,
 And that was the reason his voice was thick.
 Macbeth was now greatly unnerved
 Because this last plan had surely swerved.

Macbeth in war was very brave,
 And his people he would save
 No matter what might be the fight,
 And if he didn't come out all right,
 So when a messenger brought him news
 That Birnam wood was filled with shoes
 And the men within them filled with scorn,
 Were bound to fight before many a morn,
 As the soldiers were going out to war,
 Macbeth's heart then was made quite sore,
 For after hearing an awful cry
 He asked of a person the reason why
 Such an unearthly yell had rent the skies,
 And had been followed by other cries.
 Seyton said, with a fearful dread,
 "Your wife, sir, I am sure is dead."
 Then he was told that in Birnam wood
 Were men who would try if they only could
 To conquer Macbeth and all the rest;
 But to accomplish this deed they must do their
 best,

For Macbeth put up an awful strife,
 But had it not to share with his wife.
 The end came soon, and the guilty Macbeth
 Soon by his enemies was put to death.

Gretchen Van Tassel.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1912

Back Row, from Left to Right:—James Carroll, coach; Carlton Dean, manager; Wilfred Walker, scorer; Orel Bean, sub-master; Elwyn Cotton. Third Row, Left to Right:—O'Doherty, shortstop; Wall, second base; Lawson, first base; Hickey, left field; McGuire, substitute. Second Row, Left to Right:—Mulrenan, pitcher; Fay, substitute; Roche, center field (Captain); Donovan, third base. Bottom:—Jones, catcher; G. Weaver, pitcher.

Athletics

In recent years athletics have progressed rapidly in the Woburn High School. For several years the school has been represented by a baseball and a football team. Now we have added a hockey team and a canoe crew. The school has also entered runners in several school-boy road races.

These teams are supported by the Woburn High School Athletic Association. This association consists of members of the school and a few graduates. The money to support the teams is raised partly from dues paid by members of the association, and partly by entertainments and dances. The spending of this money is in the hands of a board of directors, elected by the association. This board consists of three members elected from the school, three members elected from the graduates of the school, the Principal, the Sub-master, and the Chairman of the school board.

Under this system, athletics have been conducted successfully in the past, and hopes are bright for greater success in the future.

Baseball Notes

Roche is fielding in "Ty Cobb" style this year, and he is also hitting hard.

Larry Maclean has nothing on "Hank" behind the bat.

Duckie is covering third in a manner not unlike that of Larry Gardner.

Lawson is nailing everything at first.

Wall's motto seems to be, "Get a hit or get hit."

O'Doherty is playing a good game at "short," and will be a great help to the team in future years.

"Mul" is using his bat to good advantage, and can be depended upon in a pinch.

"Kiko" is pitching in good form, and his curves are a puzzle to visiting teams.

Billie Weafer is covering the left garden like a big leaguer.

Senior Baseball Players

Donovan, a second Harry Lord is he,
And third baseman for the Chicago's 'll be.
As for "Hank," he'll take Chief Meyers' place.
And make his opponents work for the race.
As Magee's time is drawing near,
Fay will take it, never fear.
Eddie Collins's place will be filled by
Humps,"

Who will put all the others in the dumps.
Sam Crawford never more shall beam,
When Hickey's on the Tigers' team.
Roche is a second Ty Cobb at the bat,
So all rest assured and be pleased at that.
Hooper will have nothing on our friend
"Dan,"

Who's sure to be a star baseball man.
Duffy Lewis can't come up to Weafer's
throws,

Who grasps the ball and away it goes.

GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL.

Fitzpatrick, answering questions in German:
"Chicago is the capital of——(pause).
(Friendly voice whispers "Indiana.")
"Indiana," says F., grasping at a straw.
"Well, go on, Fitzpatrick," says Miss Water-
man.

"Baltimore is the capital of——(pause).
("Delaware," says the helping voice again.)
"Delaware," says Fitzpatrick, amid laughter
of class.

"Fitz" has since learned better.

Miss Barker: "Miss Holdridge, four demer-
its and an extra session."

Miss Holdridge: "What for?"

Miss B.: "Communicating, weren't you?"

Miss H.: "Yes, but I didn't know you saw
me."

Frank Crocker, '11, James B. Murray, '11,
Waldo Northrup, '11, and James E. Murray,
'11, are taking a course at Burdett's Business
College.

Valedictory

Rachel Blodgett, Class 1912

The study of Greek seems to be waning, but the ideals and thoughts expressed in the Greek literature can never be lost. They have been, and still will be, the foundation and inspiration of many other writings. No one can attain prominence as a poet, artist, sculptor, or philosopher without becoming familiar with the culture of the Greeks. After the many years that have passed, their books are read by scholars everywhere for their beauty of expression and of sentiment, and are considered some of the finest literature the world has ever produced.

One of the best-known of their books is the *Odyssey*, or story of the adventures of Ulysses after the fall of Troy. After nine years of the siege have passed by, through the cunning device of the wooden horse suggested by Ulysses, the Greeks succeed in entering Troy. In the night they attack the startled inhabitants, set fire to the city, and reduce it to ashes. Ulysses then starts out on his return. He undergoes indescribable perils and sufferings on land and on sea, among the Cyclops, and in the land of the Lotus-Eaters, and finally is shipwrecked on a beautiful island where, in Circe's palace built of polished stone, he feasts from gold and silver vessels, and lives in comfort. Ulysses yields to the wiles of the sorceress, who urges him to remain. He has been so tossed about by wind and wave, so weary with wandering, that he is delighted with the prospect of uninterrupted ease and comfort. At the end of a year, however, his great love for home conquers his love of ease, and he and his companions leave Circe's palace.

He has still countless adventures to endure, but on the tenth year after leaving Troy, he finally reaches Ithaca, and kills the suitors of Penelope, his wife. Homer then leaves him with the prophecy of Teiresias that his death will be on the sea. Tennyson continues the story in his "Ulysses" from the point where

the Greek leaves it, and tells how Ulysses, although overjoyed to be at home again, feels that it is base to coddle himself for the few years that remain.

"And vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

He still thirsts for knowledge, "will drink life to the lees," and is unwilling to remain in Ithaca,
"To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life."

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil,
. . . . Something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done."

Accordingly, leaving Penelope and Telemachus, he is setting sail, with the few that remain of his companions, to face new dangers and adventures.

We are leaving behind many of our old friends and associations, and are setting sail on the wider sea of life, where we may pass through many strange adventures. After thirteen years of study we have now completed our public school course. However, the time for learning is not past. Through all our experiences we acquire new knowledge, and the more we learn, the more we shall see before us to be learned.

"All experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
Forever and forever when we move."

Like Ulysses, we mean to continue our search for knowledge, and in spite of disappointments and failures, to face the future with courage, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

First I speak to you, Citizens of Woburn, in behalf of the class of 1912, to thank you for giving to us the benefit of so fine an education which has culminated in four years of training in our splendid new building. It is you with your money who have made this possible. We

hope and believe that the education you have given us will prove to be a paying investment in our intellectual, moral, and civic betterment, and that you will never regret the expenditure. A great sum has been given to train us to become good citizens. More than one-half the money paid out by the city of Woburn is spent for the maintenance of her public schools. Although this city may not have all that could be desired in the way of public improvements, such as the best of streets, elaborate parks and public buildings, she has not stinted the spending of her money in the training of her children. She has well carried out the Massachusetts conception of the Massachusetts poet in his lines on "Our State":

"Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the schoolhouse stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain."

City Officials and School Board:—

We wish to express to you our appreciation for what you have done for us. We recognize that your work is gratuitous. It is a public service carrying no compensation, except the reward which comes from the consciousness of public duty well performed.

Superintendent, Principal, and Teachers of the
Woburn High School:—

We give to you our thanks for the time and care you have spent in teaching us and preparing us for our future life in the world. As the largest class to graduate we must have made additional work for you. We know that you have done your best to train us to be useful men and women, and we greatly appreciate your efforts. In the four years that we have spent under your direction, we have become sincerely attached to you and feel deep regret at having to part with such helpful friends. We

to take up we shall find any one else to take such a kindly interest in us. We know that you have tried to inspire us with the spirit of Cicero when he said in regard to a liberal education, "*Si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur, tamen (ut opinor) hanc animi adversionem humanissimam ac liberalissimam judicaretis. Nam ceterae neque temporum sunt neque aetatum omnium neque locorum: haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" In other words, "If from these studies pleasure alone was sought, still, I think, you would judge this employment of the mind most refined and liberal. For other employments are not befitting all times, all ages and all places; these studies are the food of youth, they delight old age, they adorn prosperity, they offer refuge and comfort to adversity, they are a delight at home and no hindrance abroad, they pass the night with us, they go abroad, and into the country with us."

Undergraduates:—

This is the last time that we meet together as a school. You may have tried to follow our example. We have fallen far short of the ideal, but we hope that you who next year will take our places will profit by our mistakes, and will reach a higher standard. Socrates, when in prison waiting for the execution of his sentence, said in conversation with a friend: "It must be considered all important not to live, but to live well." That which counts is the excellence of your work and not the amount, the quality of your living and not the length of your life.

Classmates:—

This is a crisis in our lives. We have spent our time thus far in preparation. We have been learning; now we must act. After tonight we shall go forth, some to college or other schools, but most of us into life in the outside world. As we stand here tonight our feelings are not entirely of joy. We shall miss the daily

wonder if in the many lines of work we now are intercourse with our schoolmates and teachers,

many of whom we may not see again for years. We may make many new friends during our lives, but there will be none as dear to us as the old friends. Now that we are about to graduate we must put aside selfish desires and go into the world to try our fortunes. The true life is that of service, a thought so beautifully put by Victor Hugo in his "Les Misérables," when he is giving his idea of what a home should be. "This is not my house; it is the house of Jesus Christ. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. And do not thank me; do not say that I receive you in my house. Je vous le dis a vous qui passez, vous etes ici chez-vous plus que moi-meme. Tout ce qui est ici est a vous. I say to you who are passing by that you are much more at home here than I am myself. Everything here is yours."

Thus Victor Hugo represents the ideal life as that of giving generously and of serving mankind. With such an ideal, one will not "rust unburnish'd," but will "shine in use."

Like Ulysses, though made weak by time and fate, he will be strong in will,
"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Salutatory

Mildred Wilder Ford

On Dec. 10, 1855, eleven graduates, ten girls and one boy, received their high school diplomas at the dedicatory exercises of the first Woburn High School. This building which meant so much to the little town of Woburn was a wooden structure and stood on the site of the present Hanson School. In spite of the fact that this was the first graduating class, and the first high school building, those eleven graduates had not occupied the building as pupils. The three years of their high school careers had been passed in the second story of Knight's Building, which stood directly opposite the Central House and was generally considered a

very imposing structure. The one class room was very small with few windows, with the ordinary desks and chairs, and with a raised platform in front for the teacher. So crowded at times was this room that the pupils often recited in a cloak-room. Here, during the winter months the classes sat muffled in their outer wraps because the room could not be heated. The course of study was limited to English, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Greek and Latin. There was but one teacher.

No such preparation as ours marked the approach of that first graduation. The valedictory was the only class part, and the valedicto-



MILDRED WILDER FORD

rian has said that she was kept very humble because her dress was made of delaine, while that of most of the girls was of brown or blue silk. Because the pupils had had no instruction in music, the program included no music except the singing of a hymn. We are told the occasion was very solemn and formal. A prayer by the clergyman from the Congregational Church opened the exercises. A lengthy address was given by Judge Nelson, who was at that time chairman of the School Committee. When he presented the diplomas he gave to each graduate as his personal gift a book en-

titled "English Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art." In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the object of the high school training, which he believed to be beautifying and adorning the home.

Fifty-seven years have passed since that first class went out from the Woburn High School to put into practice the lessons which they had learned during their three years spent in the high school. From the lives of usefulness to their fellow men which this little group have led, they must have learned some valuable lessons in that school, humble though it was. If we were to trace the life of each of these first graduates, we should find many of whom Woburn might well be proud. Many of that first class became teachers, and very able ones. Sons and daughters of graduates of that first class are now noted teachers, librarians, historians, engineering experts, and inventors.

The class of 1912 is the largest that has ever left the Woburn High School in one year. Four years we have studied in one of the most beautiful high schools in the State, adorned with fine pictures and beautiful statuary. A school library and well-equipped laboratories have been given us for our use. We have, indeed, been fortunate in having as instructors such kind and able teachers, who have spared neither time nor pains to aid us in our work. We are proud of our size. We revel in our graduating exercises tonight in all the brilliance which music, flowers, beauty and eloquence afford. We have before us a brilliant audience filling a large, attractive hall to its utmost capacity, the mayor of our city, and an orator to grace the occasion. Fifty young women and forty young men look forward hopefully to what the future may hold in store for them. We have not arrived at this important event in our lives without works, and we realize that "The glory of our lives below

Comes not from what we do or what we know,
But dwells forevermore in what we are."

In the years which are to come, if the members of this class are to be a source of pride to their city, they must emulate that first class

of 1855, which, small as it was, has done so much that is worthy. Size and advantages alone will not give distinction and we have much to do to emulate that small class of fifty-seven years ago.

With mingled feelings of pride and humility we greet you tonight. We extend to you our sincere thanks for all the advantages which your generosity and kindness have secured for us, and we heartily welcome you to the commencement exercises of the Class of 1912.

History of the Class of 1912

By Robert Johnson

Sept. 10, 1908. This date probably suggests to our visitors here tonight nothing more than an ordinary day in early autumn, but to the Class of 1912 it is all important, for on that day our class entered high school. It seems but a short time since that day, yet it has been long enough to win for our class a niche in the Hall of Fame.

We are undoubtedly the biggest, best, and busiest class that ever graduated from a Woburn High School. In addition to this, we are the most brilliant and most original. The immense size of the class is due to the fact that pupils entered it from both the eighth and ninth grades, and from our grade-eighth-graders. Our brilliancy can be proved by two striking examples: One boy entered high school at the tender age of eleven; the other, also a boy, participated in every athletic sport and yet was an honor pupil. Our originality is shown by the organization of a city government by the history pupils and by the publication of a class paper.

The class has many other distinguishing characteristics, chief among which is the fact that it recognizes equal suffrage, or in truth, goes farther and declares that only women shall hold office. Although I hate to admit it, the girls of the class have rather "put it on" to the boys. The valedictory, the salutatory, three of the four class officers, all have fallen

to the girls, and I am rather inclined to believe that Gretchen Van Tassel's baseball team could "trim" Fred Roche's.

Our first year was spent in getting acquainted with one another and with the teachers. We were so numerous that the teachers were greatly troubled lest we should not be able to recite enough times during the year. I hate to think of the number of times each person in a small class must be called upon.

During this first year we held a meeting to choose the officers of the class. It was held in the high school hall, and Mr. Brock was acting chairman. What an exciting time it was! No-



ROBERT JOHNSON, Historian

body knew parliamentary law and nobody cared. Nominations were made without being recognized by the chair; all were talking without being aware of what they were saying. For the only time in a class meeting, Hickey allowed someone else to talk. When the uproar was quieted, it was found that Rachael Blodgett had been elected president, and she has filled the office most acceptably throughout the four years.

The presentation of the State Flag of Massachusetts to the Woburn High School, on Dec. 1, 1908, made an impression upon our youthful

minds that will never be effaced. Our school was the first to fly the State Flag and Governor Guild, at present Ambassador to Russia, was the orator of the day. One of the members of our class, the following day, described the personal appearance of Mr. Guild. He stated that he had a military carriage. A classmate quickly raised his hand and said, "Oh, no, he hadn't, he came in an automobile."

On June 17 the class distinguished itself by winning the inter-class relay race. This race and the one held the following year were so one-sided that not one has ever been held since.

The days passed quickly to the time for the graduation of the Class of 1909. Just as quickly, however, summer passed away and we returned to school, Sophomores. How important we felt as we strutted around the corridors looking at the poor Freshmen who were afraid to leave their rooms, for fear of getting lost.

The most important event of the year was the reception given to the class by its president at her home in Mishawum road. Nearly the entire class was present and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The teachers at this party learned why many of the boys did not study their lessons by seeing how skilfully they played at the billiard table.

By the time September again came round, our class was greatly changed. Some had moved to other cities, others had joined the Class of 1913, and still others had preceded the rest of us in going forth to seek their fortunes.

During the spring of the year 1911 a series of readings by Marshall Darrach were given at Lyceum Hall. They were quite largely attended by high school pupils and by residents of the city. Many of the pupils thought that he was making 'easy money' and began to study their Shakespeares more earnestly in the hope that they, too, could sometime earn a dollar a minute by reciting his verses.

On April 13, 1911, the first real meeting of the class was held to choose a committee to select the class play. Following in the footsteps of the class of 1911, the committee decided

upon "The Rivals," by Sheridan, a play of the eighteenth century.

This year passed quickly, as all years do, and before we realized it, we were in school once more, no longer under-classmen, but full-fledged Seniors. The beginning of the year, as the close has been, was saddened by the death of two of our classmates who contributed much to the spirit and life of our class.

The first class meeting of the year was held October 16, to choose a committee to have charge of the class dance. The committee elected consisted of William Scalley, chairman, Philip Brackett, William Callahan, Marion Cook, and Marguerite Forbes.

The dance was held on November 24 in the high school hall, the floor of which had been freshly oiled for the occasion. The dance was run this year as a social event rather than as a financial scheme.

Even before the dance was over, the class was shaken by class meetings held to discuss the class play. A committee was elected, but were unable to procure a cast. Miss Lowell said that she would be unable to coach the play. The class meetings were exciting. Parliamentary law was forgotten, and as the class secretary reports, "there was much unpleasant discussion." However, a new committee was elected with William Ball, chairman. Mr. James Carroll was engaged as coach, rehearsals were begun, and everything began to improve.

"The Rivals" was presented on Feb. 12, 1912, before a large audience. As had been the case the year before, the public seemed to appreciate a play with a reputation more than one that was modern and sentimental. As actors, the members of the class showed that they had no superiors. It is perhaps unfair to praise anyone in particular, but the papers all agreed that Waldo Shattuck would sometime take the place of Edwin Booth, and Clifton McCaleb made such a handsome army officer that his appointment to a captaincy in the W. H. S. battalion was inevitable.

The class, with the aid of Miss Hammond, showed its originality and interest in public affairs by organizing a miniature city called Woburnia. A brisk campaign was carried on for control of the city between the Orange party, standing for municipal ownership, and the Black, standing for the commission form of government. The Blacks won, and Daniel Doherty was elected mayor. The inaugural exercises were held March 14. Mayor Doherty's address was declared by the members of the Woburn city government present to have been the best that had ever been heard in Woburn.

Among the appointments made by Mayor Doherty, it is to be noted that Freda Walker is city solicitor. What an admirable selection! What judge or jury could give a decision against that powerful wielder of the dictionary.

During March several class meetings were held to investigate the reasons for the lack of funds in the treasury. Something had to be done at once, if we were to have a reception. The school committee refused to permit us to run another dance, probably being afraid that "Mose" would start a turkey trot. The girls of the class suggested a candy sale; the boys, a lottery; but both were turned down. Finally one bright boy suggested a benefit game, and the scheme was at once adopted.

During the spring two members of the class gained fame by winning the Woman's Club prizes for the best compositions on "The Commission Form of Government."

Finally June came, bringing with it additional worries for the Seniors. Pictures had to be taken, graduation dresses made, extra work made up, examinations passed before we could graduate.

In the midst of this bustle and confusion the prize drill was held in the Armory. Although military drill is a school rather than a class affair, it seems proper to mention it here, inasmuch as it could not have been a success but for the assistance given by our class, and would have been far more satisfactory had not our class refused to buy uniforms.

By means of the military drill, the boys of

our class also learned a little physiology, judging by the following conversation:

Commander: "Keep your mouth shut, Jones."

"Hank": "I can't, I have to breathe through my mouth."

Result: Extra session for Jones.

Graduation day fell on June 26, President Murlin of Boston University giving the address.

Here, perhaps, a little retrospection would be valuable. When our class entered, there was an intense rivalry between those who entered from the eighth grade and those from the ninth. Now this dividing line has disappeared. This means, after all, a victory for the eighth graders. Great changes have taken place since that September morning when we entered high school. The teaching force has been increased, to keep up with the increase of pupils, Greek has been stricken from the list of studies, military drill and physical culture have been started, the school representatives have been organized, and the demerit system established.

Here ends the history of the Class of 1912. I have tried to make it a history of facts rather than of personalities, and if any one is disappointed because his or her name has not been mentioned, I advise him to buy the "Alpha Omega," where it will probably appear in headlines.

Class Prophecy

Anna Croughan, Daniel Doherty

Scene—(Near a Gypsy's Camp.)

D—(In perplexed despair.) Oh, that prophecy! If I could think of some way to do it. If I could get someone to help me. I have tried and tried. Look at my hands. **(Holding out hands.)** All ink and soiled—ink on my hands and none on paper. **(Taking sheets of paper from pocket.)** Gaze upon those papers, the result of my labor. A most shameful and discouraging result! I worry, worry, worry. Ninety persons on the list! I have come to quiet my disturbed mind and to make a fresh

beginning. **(Brushes against tent.)** Here's a gypsy's tent. The very thing! I'll consult her. **(Gypsy comes out of tent.)**

Gypsy—My good man, may I help you? You seem to have been troubled. Yes, yesterday you had a great task before you, a task concerning others beside yourself. You were discouraged, weren't you? Just cross my hand with silver and I will tell you something about it. **(Passes money.)**

Gypsy—Ah! I see a good future awaiting you. You are to be a great man with the many responsibilities you have always had as a boy. You are to be the first mayor of the new city



ANNA CROUGHAN, Prophecy

of Baldwinappleville, formerly North Woburn. Under your administration the new city will be made as beautiful as the ideal city of Woburnia, of which you were also the first mayor. The old city will scarcely be recognized in the new, with its boulevards, asphalt sidewalks, the Cummings Hospital situated on the Perry estate adjoining the Mill pond, the Tidd High School and art galleries on the corner of Main and Nichols streets, the Civic Association Building on the Foucar estate at the corner of Ward and Elm streets, and the new City Hall situated on the Barker estate in Main street.

D—You are extraordinary. Surely you know something equally good for my classmates.

G—I'll now get my magic ring. You understand I must see the hand of the person whose fortune is to be foretold or else resort to the aid of my ring. **(Enters tent.)**

D—Aha! How lucky I am! What a load taken from my shoulders. I never felt so happy before.

G—**(Reappears.)** I'm ready now. Tell me the names of your classmates, and I will unroll their futures to you.

D—First tell me of Mildred Murray.

G—In the same city of Baldwinappleville will be found your classmate, Mildred Murray, as your private secretary. She will be a great help to you in your plans for beautifying the new city. There also will be found two other classmates, Fletcher Partridge and Charles Lyons, two celebrated architects, who will design the new City Hall, the most beautiful building in the city.

D—When I think of lucky persons my thoughts always turn to Bertha Boutelle. She escaped the toil of a year in the ninth grade. What is her fate?

G—Bertha, after studying many years in Berlin, will be the leading lady of a German Stock Company in the same city. In the character of Shakespeare's heroines she will achieve much success.

D—Benjamin Franklin's speech in which he said, "We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately," brings to my mind those two inseparable companions, Kathryn Bailey and Mabel Buxton. Do they still refuse to part from each other's company?

G—In the old colonial Baldwin Mansion, a select preparatory school for girls will be conducted by Kathryn and Mabel. Here all the young ladies, unhampered by the presence of boys, will make rapid progress in their studies. Another classmate, Hester Baker, will assume the duties of the manicuring department of the school.

D—As my thoughts wander back to gradua-

tion night, the voice of our valedictorian and class president rings in my ears. I'll wager she will gain fame.

G—Your class president is to be a member of the faculty at Wellesley College and a professor of Latin. Gretchen Van Tassel is to be the supervisor of the physical training department, with Marian Remington as her assistant. It may seem strange to you that Gretchen will not develop her poetical talent, but she will tell you that the motion in swinging along the bars is so rhythmic that poetry is not required to express her feelings.



DANIEL DOHERTY,

Mayor of Woburn and Class Prophet

D—What can you tell me about Cora Boutelle?

G—In the Woburn High School will be found Cora and also Dorothea Cotton. Cora will be an instructor in Algebra and Geometry, both of which she is capable of making the dull-est pupil understand and even enjoy. Cora's pupils will scorn the student who composed the following:

A MATHEMATICAL MOAN.

"If there should be another flood,
The airship would I try.

But if the whole world be submerged
Geometry would still be dry."

In a large school-room decorated with American flags, Dorothea will preside over a class in American History. The class will never forget any important date, not even that the first mayor of Woburnia was inaugurated March 14, 1912.

D—Can you tell me if Philip Brackett will continue to wend his way to North Woburn, which as you predict will be Baldwinappleville?

G—Philip will reside in the new city. In all the papers of America enclosed in conspicuous "brackets" will be this advertisement of the most noted tailor:

"If it is at Brackett's, it is correct.

If it is correct, it is at Brackett's."

D—What honorable position will Arthur Carter fill?

G—Grahame White will have a rival in Arthur Carter, who is to become famous for his daring flights and for the new monoplane which he will invent. This will become quite popular among the pupils of the high schools as a safe and sure means of reaching school on time, if no accidents occur. In case of accidents, perhaps the customary gift of a few demerits will not be conferred.

D—So Arthur will be a bird-man. Tell me about Margaret Kearns, Woburnia's brilliant orator.

G—A large millinery department in Boston will be conducted by Margaret Kearns and Muriel Fetridge. All their hats will be of the latest fashion and so constructed by a geometrical design that their lines may be becoming to any one. A particular hat of the shape of a hexagon may in another season assume a triangular shape, and yet this will never prove that a triangle is a hat, although a hat is a triangle.

D—And there is that popular grocery clerk, William Ball.

G—He will be a member of the School Board in 1925, and the proprietor of an establishment for the sale of voting machines.

D—Surely you have something good in store for "Lydia," Woburnia's skillful physician?

G—"Lydia," Marguerite Forbes, Mabel Murray, and Marion Chalmers will embark on the sea of matrimony and will be Woburn's society leaders for many years.

D—As my mind wanders back to the glorious autumn time, the falling leaves and the crisp air, I think of our gridiron hero, Edward Fitzpatrick. His determination will surely secure for him a good position.

G—In Kansas City will be found a dentist noted for his ability to perform both painless and painful operations, and this will be none other than Edward Fitzpatrick. In that same Western city on the bench will be found that just and lenient judge, Waldo Shattuck. Here also will be Mildred Ford as a prosecuting attorney. No criminal will be able to endure her rapid cross-questioning without flinching.

D—Waldo will take a great risk in going West, as nearly every State there has a provision for the recall of judges. Now let J. Leo come to the front. His hat was always in the ring. Break the news gently. "Nothing superfluous."

G—The Baldwinappleville "Sensation" will have for its editor-in-chief, Leo Hickey. The redeeming feature will be that all notices in any edition will be subject to startling changes in the following edition. But these changes will be as brilliant as the editor's amendments ever were, and he will no longer suffer from the remarks of the "Whisper Hill Trio." Josephine Sweetser will be the designer of the up-to-date fashions which Helen Stockholm will report.

D—And now we come to the weighty side of the problem, Mae Folan and Anna Dearborn.

G—Mae and Anna will be the American champion tennis players. Every opponent will lose all hope of winning at the very first stroke and will be baffled by their skill and agility. They will skip about the court as nimbly as on moonlight nights the fairies and elves flit about in the forest glades.

D—William Callahan and John Foley can no longer tease the teachers. Will "Trixie" continue to pose or act as the teachers' general adviser? Foley will probably follow farm life,

as he was always a staunch supporter of the tillers of the soil. He could also write excellent letters of application. But what about their future?

G—Sometime you will see such an announcement as this:

"Attractions at the Burlington Theatre for the Coming Week."

CALLAHAN AND FOLEY,

Clever Manipulators of Indian Clubs.

The Midget Jugglers who Deceive the Eye.
Excellent Amusement Furnished by the Great
Vocalist,

EVERETT WARD.

Christian Sorensen, the Famous Violinist, the
Professor Who can **Make His Violin Talk**.

D—What is in store for those efficient library science students, Dorothy Flagg and Eudora Simonds?

G—They will qualify for positions in the Congressional Library at Washington.

D—Will you tell me about those two classmates, Ruth Prior and Marion Hopkinson?

G—They will annually take a class of girls to Europe to spend the winter in study and travel on the continent. Without a doubt they will be the greatest linguists of the age and will not need little red dictionaries for traveling companions. Even the native-born guides will be silenced by their eloquence and will tremble at the thought of competing with Marion's rapidity of speech.

D—Now we come to the diamond stars. What can you tell me about "Ducky" Donovan, Woburn High's clever third baseman?

G—The sign, "Donovan and Fay, Tonsorial Artists," will greet the eye as you will pass through Winchester. On another sign will appear, "All Who Patronize Us Do So at Their Own Risk."

D—Our catcher, who is called "Hank," not the "Hermit," is also a great story-teller. His favorite story is "The Cocoa Box Mystery," or "Where I Leave My Messages."

G—Jones will be the proprietor of a superior baseball supply store in Boston.

D—What great thing will little Ethel Tabor do?

G—In one of the suburbs of Boston the recitals of the little music teacher will be very common occurrences. In addition to this, Ethel will act as an "Information Bureau" for the department devoted to "Questions of Piano Students" in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

D—Perhaps she will charge admission to her recitals as she did at a Punch and Judy show when she was a "little" girl.

D—What is to become of the boy who tells the story of the "Discolored Optic," or the "Bird'seye View"?

G—George Finn? Oh, he will be the caretaker of the new Willow Street Academy.

D—Has John McDonough acquired a way of being serious, which was never his?

G—John is to be Woburn's great doctor, who will always be in the right place at the right time. When he is summoned by a patient, one of his numberless assistants will hasten to fetch his hat, another his cloak, and another his bag, and the most necessary articles, his "Never Failing Pills," and so on, until John will be ready to start. Probably he will compose a rhyme meantime or become absorbed in some "deep subject."

D—Lora Given was a student of nature in her school days. Many times her footsteps would turn to the State road. But what of her future?

G—She will continue her study of nature and will write two interesting essays, "How to Raise Weeds" and "The Argument of the Weeds," which will appear in the "Atlantic Monthly."

D—Tell me something about our football captain, William Scalley.

G—Bill is to be Woburn's wealthiest citizen in years to come. He will spend his time on pleasure trips through the air in his aeroplane, dropping down here and there to visit classmates.

D—How about the famous canoe-builder, Emmason Greeno?

G—In a small village in Berkshire county

will be seen the extensive poultry farm of Emmason Greeno. His Buff Orpingtons will annually be the chief attraction at the County Fair and he will become the proud possessor of many blue ribbons for his prize poultry.

D—You must be counting his chickens before they are hatched. No more will the Woburn High School hall resound with the sweet and inspiring music which Evelyn Snow was always glad to furnish. Will she make the study of music her vocation?

G—Evelyn Snow and Marion Cooke, famous vocalists, will achieve great success in the opera, "Tannhauser," in the Metropolitan Opera House of New York City.

D—What can you tell me of the popular alderman of Woburnia's City Council—Alice Nichols?

G—The "Alice Puff" will be introduced to Woburn society leaders by the hairdressers, Alice Nichols and Alice Lux. The advantage of the puff will be that scarcely any hair will be needed to make an excellent coiffure.

D—Something as to our soldier boy, Wilbur Dickinson.

G—For the large Buffalo firm of Dickinson & McAweeney, Agnes Scanlon will be a buyer for the millinery department and Delia Hogan and Catherine Cahill will be buyers for the novelty department. There will be other famous persons among your classmates. Helen McAvoy, Evelyn Roulo and Fannie Lapuck will be stenographers in the General Court of Massachusetts, where Walter Burke and Leo Finnegan will be representatives. The latter will use their influence to secure for Woburn the lot in front of the Federal Building. Leo, who was inclined to be sleepy in the class-room, will be a wide-awake representative. "Buckie" will still carry on his extensive grain business.

D—Surely our class historian will have a brilliant future? As football manager he was a busy man and his ability to mark off the gridiron was remarkable. Yet he always found time for study.

G—Yes, his future will be quite brilliant. He is to be the American ambassador to Japan,

where he will devote his leisure time to studying and writing short essays on "Life Among the Japanese."

D—What is to become of Mildred Holdridge, one of the cast of "The Rivals"? I wonder if she will forget about the "mail" letter carrier?

G—Mildred will continue to play the part of Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals" in the Woburn Theatre.

D—What will be the future of the editor of the Alpha Omega?

G—Freda Walker, aided by Martha Stratton, with words of "learned length and thundering sound" will use all her influence to secure the mayor's chair in the city of Burlington for Mildred Buckman.

D—You know a great deal about my classmates.

G—Yes, indeed. Your classmate, Helen Ford, will become head nurse at the Choate Hospital, and her kind and sympathetic manner will undoubtedly soothe all the patients. As assistants she will have Lois Fiske and Mary Coughlin. Anna James will work for the Red Cross, but her position will be in an Indiana institution.

D—What can you tell me about Barbara McManus, who always selected a rear seat in the class-room because her voice was so wonderfully strong?

G—In a large insurance office in Boston will be employed Barbara McManus, Bertha Manning, and Margaret Martin, as bookkeepers. For this same firm which advertises to insure all persons owning motor cycles, automobiles and aeroplanes, and to admit no pedestrians, Nathaniel Wilcox Emermatson and Edward McDonough will be agents.

D—In what capacity will Mary Donahue be found?

G—Mary's great wish to live abroad will be fulfilled, and she will become an English tutor in a Parisian family. In Paris also will be found Anastasia McDonald as a governess in an American family.

D—In 1912 we had a great baseball player

as captain of our team. Some called him "Ty."

G—Just as he was captain of the school team Freddy Roche will be captain and center-fielder of the "White Elephants" now under the management of Connie Mack. William Weafer will win many laurels as a pitcher for the "New York Americans."

D—The little birds among the "green leaves" sing pretty songs in the springtime, but will not Earl's voice be heard in all seasons?

G—Associated with Carter's monoplanes will be the famous voice of Earl Greenleaf, whose warning tones will never fail in their service as signals. Earl will still reside in Woburn, although his voice may be heard in many lands. In Woburn, also, will be Philip Scalley, the chauffeur for the great railroad magnate, John Tenney. In his employ also will be found Marie Wallace, acting in the capacity of an amanuensis. She will succeed in her efforts to have John appropriate enough money to lay out tennis courts in the rear of the Woburn High School.

D—I almost forgot our bustling, busy baseball manager, Carleton Dean. His ability in arranging dates—for baseball games—was very remarkable. I know you have something good in store for "Deanie."

G—Carleton will become a dashing first lieutenant at West Point.

D—And what about William Sheehan? As a boy he was interested in wireless telegraphy.

G—He will be a wireless operator on a large ocean liner, "The Never Hurry," plying between Boston and Liverpool.

D—And what will Gladys Dockham do?

G—She and Margaret Doherty are to be employed in the Woburn Exchange as telephone operators, and their desire to be obliging will be greatly appreciated by all subscribers to the 'phone. You will surely hear sometime of the experience of a subscriber with one of these two obliging operators. She will ask for 473-5 and will be informed by Gladys that the line is busy, but that she can give her 473-4 or 473-6.

D—How Gladys's voice will have to change if she is to become an operator!

G—You are to have a summer reunion, too, in the near future. You will patronize your classmate, Clifton McCaleb, who will manage a hotel at Block Island.

D—I know Anna Croughan will be a teacher of languages in the Brookline High School, and she will reside in that wealthy little town. You do not need to tell me how she will distinguish herself.

"Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,

Till the last dear companion drop smiling away?

"Then here's to our boyhood, it's gold and it's gray,

The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,

Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS."

Gypsy—

Yes, we are girls, always happy and never were sad,

And I sometimes have wondered, shall we always be glad?

Shall we never be women, no longer youthful and gay,

Vanishing forever from our blossoming May?

Then here's to our girlhood, its gold and its gray,

The joys of its winter, the thrills of its May!
And when we have done with life's thorns and its pearls,

Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE GIRLS!

Class Will

We, the class of 1912, of the High School in the City of Woburn, County of Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts, being aware of the

uncertainties of life, but of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:

First—We give, devise and bequeath to those who supersede us, our beautiful building, with its handsome furnishings and spacious grounds, a monument to the generosity of a public-spirited community. It is also our will and desire that they be supplied with such dusters and furniture polish as may be required to obliterate such defacements on the desks as they may be careless enough to cause.

Second—We give, devise and bequeath to the aforesaid beneficiaries all books, goods and chattels which we have used. Resigned to our bitter lot, we reluctantly relinquish to them, as a special manifestation of our affection, our copies of that masterpiece of complicated oratory, Burke's speech, with the hope that worn copies and marginal notes may inspire them to enter into the spirit of the speech as we have done. They must not be content with a superficial reading, but should go through the lively little volume again and again, pondering each sentence in the heart. Let them masticate the food for thought which they glean, by the approved Fletcher method. When each one has done so, let him make return and notify our executor that he has inherited the bane of Senior English.

Third—We give, devise and bequeath to posterity, the opportunity to strive to attain to our high standard of scholarship. If any one of them should desire to eclipse the efforts of the alumni and alumnae, let him hitch his wagon to the bright particular star of 1912, whose radiance is of no mean magnitude among the constellations which have sparkled in the past. May our unprecedented record spur him on to high endeavor.

Fourth—We give, devise and bequeath to our schoolmates with social instincts the seats we have occupied in the Harlow Library. We hope they will make use of them when a desire for conversation is paramount within them. Should anyone stray in with the notion that the library

is a place for study, whispered interviews must be sufficiently sibilant to prevent him from doing so.

Fifth—We give, devise and bequeath to all patrons of the lunch counter the reminder that we always paid all charges by Friday of each week.

Sixth—We give, devise and bequeath to the class of 1916, upon its entrance to the High School, immunity from an overworked remark referred to below.

Seventh—We give, devise and bequeath to the Class of 1915 a part of our originality. In September the members of this class will be suffering from that haughty, superior complacency peculiar to newly-made Sophomores. May no one of them give vent to that trite and pointless exclamation, prematurely aged because of excessive abuse, "Ah, just see the little Freshmen! They grow smaller and smaller every year!"

Eighth—We give, devise and bequeath to the Class of 1914 our interest in Woburnia. It is our wish that, as Juniors, the spirit of Woburnia be inculcated in them with their first lessons in self-government. They must enter into their preparation for citizenship in all seriousness, and when they become citizens of Woburnia, they will be an enthusiastic, sensible force for good government. We feel that we are leaving Woburnia in safe hands and that her best interests and welfare will ever be cherished. The graduating citizens leave their ideal city with regret. May its standard of purity and civic righteousness never be lowered!

Ninth—We give, devise and bequeath to the class of 1913 our amount of the proverbial dignity attributed to Seniors. When our estate is settled, this bequest may seem niggardly, but we hope we have been true to tradition. To them we leave the Senior rooms—"where we have trod; 'tis sacred, hallowed ground." We feel no pang as we leave them the memories of the hosiery affected by certain boys in the class. We believe that even a hyena would have died of mortification had nature so afflicted him. However, we leave them the

memories. We hope they will have the same effect on them that the hosiery had on us.

Tenth—We give, devise and bequeath to the faculty and dear old W. H. S. our gratitude for what we have accomplished during our four years of association with them. May our future lives reflect the benefits that have been ours for the taking.

Eleventh—We give, devise and bequeath to subsequent classes a part of the class spirit which inspired our motto, "Do tomorrow what you learn today." We flatter ourselves that in our class, the largest in the history of the High School, there are none of those procrastinators whose motto is familiar to all of us, "Never do today what you can do tomorrow."

Twelfth—We hereby appoint Harry Lawson, president of 1913, the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hand and seal this the twenty-eighth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

The Class of 1912,

Per Freda L. Walker.

1. George W. Low.
2. Sarah S. Waterman.
3. Nellie Hammond.
4. Katherine D. Barker.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testators above named, as and for their last will and testament, in our presence; and we, at their request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses on the day above mentioned.

Chester Wood is preparing for the ministry at Colby College.

Lucy Carswell, '10, has married Edward Woodside of Woburn.

Loretto Lafferty, winner of the Tidd scholarship in 1910, is at Radcliffe.

Blanche Wallace, valedictorian of 1910, is training to be a nurse at the New England Baptist Hospital in Roxbury.

Nellie Buxton, salutatorian of 1910, is studying at Bryant & Stratton's.

Roland Godfrey, '10, is at Clark University.

Grace M. Kennedy, '10, has taken a position at the Woburn Public Library.

Aileen Hagerty, salutatorian of 1911, and pupil teacher at the high school, contemplates entering Jackson in September.

Ellen Banwell, '11, and Ethel Conn, '11, are training to be nurses at the Homoeopathic Hospital, Boston.

Concerning a Freshman

There's one Freshman, a girl, whom I can safely say has won the respect and admiration of many Seniors, especially those in the Senior German Class. She's only a wee mite of humanity,—frocks short and dainty, hair in curls, and a charming babyish face, but nevertheless, she is the most self-controlled, dignified, courteous little being imaginable. It was towards the first of the school year when my attention was drawn to her, and then it was because my little friend happened to get into the wrong room, as Freshmen are certain to do. As usual, there were a few snickers heard in our German Class. It is deplorable, indeed, that we seem to forget that we once had the same difficulties. But now comes the reason why we were forced, in spite of ourselves, to admire her. Instead of blushing, stammering, or appearing awkward in the least, my little Freshman calmly took a vacant seat, then rose, and addressing the teacher in Room 16, said, "I beg pardon—but is this Room 14?" After being told her mistake, she said, with the grace of a queen, "I thank you," and walked from the room. Needless to say, the expressions that appeared on the faces of the German Class were quickly changed from that of amusement to admiration.

M. R.

The Experience of a Freshman

Wanted at the office at 1.15. Thus read this apparently inoffensive notice, which meant nothing to many but much to me. Wanted at the office! What did the principal want of me? What had I done? Was I to have four **more** demerits? I walked slowly down the stairs, pondering. It had been an unfortunate day for me. I had been almost late that morning. I had dropped my books and papers on the floor in the hall, and, as I picked them up with difficulty, had blocked the way. Had that been offensive? No, surely that could not be the reason. I had not stayed within the limited bounds at recess, but had eaten my lunch in the counter room, a thing we had all been forbidden to do. Had some teacher reported? In a recitation, I had had need of a pen, and had obtained it—from a neighbor. Had I been caught at it? By this time I had reached the dreaded office. There were many other victims there ahead of me. They did not **look** troubled, but perhaps they **felt** as I did. I stood at the end of the line, so as to put off my fate as long as possible. At last came the call, "Miss Clement!" In some way I got to the desk and waited. Slowly, without looking from his paper, the principal said. "Miss Clement, weren't you absent from your regular place the last period today?"

"Some of your hurts you have cured.

And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils that never arrived!"

GERTRUDE CLEMENT.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

The mountainous districts of Tennessee and Kentucky, with their moon-shiners and raiders, their family feuds and night-riding methods of administering justice, furnish the background of this story, while a wild and beautiful heroine who says, "I seed," and "I was laying," and a young college-bred hero with

fearless blue eyes and nerves of steel, fill the foreground. The young girl in bare feet, a homespun gown, and a sunbonnet that usually dangled by its strings instead of reposing quietly on her mass of hair, "exactly like the gold-bronze on the wing of a wild turkey," attracts our hero. He starts her on the way to an education, and in time they both learn many things from each other which they do not read in books. The feud of the Tollivers and the Falins—for she is a Tolliver, and her first name is June—winds in and out of the story in all sorts of unexpected and dramatic ways. The hero, John Hale, sets himself to the building of a town in Cumberland Gap, and to the repression of lawlessness. With his fortune to make, a feud to keep down, June to educate, and a number of passionate rivals to avoid, his life does not lack excitement. As all true heroes of romance, he "makes good"; although he does not acquire a fortune, he accomplishes that which he greatly desired. The lonesome pine on the top of the divide witnesses the beginning and ending of the story, breathing its sweet fragrance into every page of this eventful story.

LORA L. GIVEN.

In Memoriam

Marguerite Webber Cotton—Born Sept. 21, 1893; died Aug. 17, 1911.

Gertrude Anna Clement—Born Aug. 21, 1892; died June 21, 1912.

She is not dead, the child of our affection,

But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call dead.

—Longfellow.

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